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LETTER OF ADVICE FROM AN EXPERIENCED
MATRON TO A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

LET other women say what they will, I for my part will ever maintain that a wife should always keep before her mind the very words of the marriage ceremony; and among others, the promise she has made to "love, honor, and obey." This last word, I know, sounds ugly to many of my own sex; but that is entirely from a misapprehension. They suppose it to mean that a wife is to be a *slave* to her husband. And, to be sure, if you lived in a country of savages, and were fool enough to marry one of them, you might, I admit, be considered as fairly bound by your own act to be his slave; because among savages a wife is so regarded. And so again, if you took an oath of allegiance to the autocrat of Russia, you would make yourself his slave, because such is the Russian constitution.

But when we in this country swear allegiance to the king, we do not bind ourselves to take his proclamation for law, but only to obey him according to the constitution and custom of this country. And on the same principle you promise to obey your husband agreeably to the institutions and customs of a civilized country in the nineteenth century.

The king, we know, is "in all causes and over all persons, within these his dominions, supreme;" that is, no act of Parliament is valid till it has received the royal assent, and no minister of state, or judge, &c., can hold office except under the king's "sign manual;" but we know, also, that in practice the king never thinks of refusing the royal assent to any bill that has passed both houses of Parliament, however distasteful it may be to him. And whatever papers his ministers put before him, he must sign; else they would not remain in office. And he cannot really appoint any ministers he may fancy; because no man could continue in office who could not command a majority in Parliament. He may, perhaps, sometimes wish his "servants, the ministers," at the bottom of the sea, and his "faithful commons" along with them; but still he must do what his ministers bid him, and they must do whatever Parliament insists on. The "royal supremacy" consists, as all the world knows, in this: that he is required not only to let ministers and Parliament do what they please, but also to issue his "royal commands" to that effect. They must act according to their own will, and he must declare it to be *his* will also, and must back it by his authority, even though his own private inclination should be quite another way.

Such, as we all know, is our glorious constitution. And somewhat like it is the constitution of

the marriage-state. That is, the husband is to be in all things supreme, you being virtually the ruler in the wife's proper department, but taking care, as far as possible, that your husband's sanction, and indeed command, should support whatever you do. You are, in your own proper sphere, his representative, just as a judge represents the king; and you are to show your loyal obedience to him by doing your utmost to enforce compliance with all that he, in your person, shall decree and direct, and to bring him to give his sanction, as he is in duty bound to do, to all your decisions in your own department.

And what is the wife's proper department? Evidently her *household*. Domestic management, almost all would say, belongs to the woman; as the trade or profession, or public business, belongs to the man. By domestic concerns I do not mean merely the office of a housekeeper, but all that relates to *home*: the servants, the children, social intercourse with friends and neighbors; all this, as well as the house and furniture, and the management of expenditure, belongs to the wife.

In the humbler walks of life all people understand this. A carpenter, for instance, or a bricklayer, is reckoned a good husband if he keeps to his chisel or his trowel, works hard all the week, and regularly brings home his earnings to his wife. And it is *her* business to see that he and the children are fed and clothed, and lodged as they should be. If he spends part of his earnings at the alehouse, the poor wife may be *forced* to submit; but she is not bound in duty. On the contrary, if she can scold him or scratch him away from the alehouse, she is bound, in obedience to him, to do so; because she *represents* him in her own proper department, and is acting by his authority—that is, by the authority of his right reason in opposition to his folly. And if he should stop part of his wages to buy a pair of shoes, without first consulting with her whether he wants them more than she does a new cap, she is to put a stop to this irregular proceeding if she can. He is *rebell*ing against his own lawful authority, which is, in these matters, vested in her.

Now it is just the same in all situations in life. Let the physician attend to his patients, and the lawyer to his clients, and the squire receive his rents, &c.; and let each of these confine himself to these his professional duties, and let his wife manage the expenditure of his income in all particulars. What can be plainer than the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow?" Having once made over all that he has, or ever shall have, to the wife, it is most unfair that he should seek to recall any part of it. And the wife, though she may sometimes be unjustly re-

sisted, is bound to obey her husband in this most solemn and deliberate decision of his, to the utmost of her power; and, as far as possible, to control the whole expenditure of her husband's income.

There are exceptions to every general rule. I have known men who had a great turn for ordering dinner, and ladies who had an aversion to it. And I have known a woman who could manage a farm, or decide a law-question, better than her husband, and whose husband was willing so to employ her. But these cases are like that of the Amazons, where the women went to war and the men sat at home and spun. As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in *strength*, which enables them to go through labors and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt; and that by education they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate discernment, in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors in making the husband "endow with all his worldly goods" the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop-plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet-pea on the sticks put to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the language of the poets, "married to the elm." But if you could conceive a hop-pole, or a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for their flowers or fruit, and that the stakes or trees are placed there merely for *their* sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now just such is the office of the husband. And this state of things is what people approach to more and more in proportion as they advance in civilization. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge. In barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilized they are left free, and have more control. And in dear England, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than anywhere else.

It is your business to keep up the honor of your sex, by keeping your husband's baser part (what he is sometimes disposed to call "himself") in due subjection to his better part, his wife.

How far you will be able to succeed in this, must depend partly on the disposition—the tameableness—of the person to whom you are united. But you are bound, in dutiful obedience to your husband—that is, to the marriage constitution—to the compound being called man-and-wife, of which he is the ostensible, and you the virtual guide—to come as near to this state of things as you are able.

I know what a distressing duty I am imposing on a being such as woman—naturally submissive, meek, complying. Nothing but a strong sense of duty can induce you to do such violence to your nature as to accept, and even assume, the office of guiding and controlling such a (comparatively) coarse animal as a man; but your duty to him requires it. And even when he is disposed to resist the control which he ought to submit to, you must stoop to all means of inducing him to comply, partially, if not entirely.

But even men themselves may supply you with examples to rouse your emulation, and induce you to make some sacrifice to duty. Do you not see men (selfish as we know man is compared to woman) consenting to be ministers of state? They undertake the laborious task of providing for the good government of the country; they bear being reproached, instead of thanked for it; it takes them sometimes several hours, or days, of alternate coaxing and threatening to induce the king to issue his "royal commands" to them to do what they judge best, and which he utterly dislikes; and they make long speeches in Parliament, and use every kind of manœuvre to get a bill passed for their country's good; and all because they know that the country could not be well governed without them.

All this should inspire you with emulation. You should consider that no exertion is too great to enable you to make your superior judgment available in the service of your husband, even though he should be so stupid as not to perceive the benefit. For, after all, you will, perhaps, not be able to succeed completely. Some husbands are given to insist on interfering in the expenditure of income, the management of children and of servants, and other domestic concerns. But you must do the best you can, always remembering that every shilling your husband spends without your leave is downright *robbery*, though you may be obliged to submit to it; and that whatever household control he assumes is an act of usurpation—the *worst* kind of usurpation, just as many account *suicide* the *worst* kind of murder for it is rebellion against *himself*, you being in your own department his representative, and invested with all his authority.

Husbands must be managed according to their dispositions. There is no one kind of treatment that will suit all alike. You must try the mode you think most likely to suit your own husband's character, and if that does not succeed, try another. But it is much better if you can hit on the right system at once, than to have to make a change. In particular, the *imperious* mode—the straightforward, determined assumption of authority—which succeeds very well with some meek-spirited men, and is the only plan with some cowardly ones, is a very dangerous course if it does fail. A man whom his wife has attempted to bully, and without success, is apt to become totally unmanageable by all methods afterwards. And the

same may be said of scolding. It succeeds admirably with some men; but when it does *not* succeed, it weakens the wife's influence.

Generally speaking, therefore, I should recommend gentle means to *begin with*; and harsher modes to be resorted to afterwards if the former fail. Many men are governed by their *affections*. For though a man is a very unfeeling, hard-hearted animal, compared with one of us, still there are many of them that have affection enough to be ruled through the means of that. And though they are generally too unfeeling to shed tears themselves, except on very rare occasions, it is well worth trying whether a man may not be softened by his wife's tears when he is disposed to be refractory. But take care not to wear it out. To be always crying on very slight occasions, may so accustom a man to the sight that his heart will become (as Dickens expresses it) quite *water-proof*.

Perseverance, again, will succeed with some men when nothing else will. I have known men, who could stand coaxing, and scolding, and weeping, fairly wearied out by incessant importunity, just as many people are *bothered* into giving to a beggar. I would have you try the other ways first; but, if everything else fails, it is worth trying whether a man may not be wearied out, so as to give way merely for the sake of hearing no more about it.

But in all cases I strongly recommend you never *openly* to *claim* power, nor to *boast* of governing your husband, either to him or to any one else. You may sometimes, like the dog in the fable, miss the substance by catching at the shadow. And, at any rate, it has a bad appearance in most people's eyes.

Your glory should be, not only to take care that your husband should do what he ought, but that he should be compelled to confess that it is *his own* choice. It is glorious to represent yourself as submitting with angelic meekness to the imperious sway of your lord, when in reality you have prevailed on him to give way, and to be guided by your better judgment to do just what you think best. When you have prevailed on him to buy you a smart dress, which in heart he grudges, or to set up his carriage, or to change his residence, or to cut an old acquaintance, or to change his name, or to frequent parties which he detests, &c., you should whisper to all your friends, as a great *secret*, that Mr. — would have it so, and that, though you said all you could to persuade him to the contrary, finding him bent upon it, you felt it your duty to comply. And if ever he should protest against your saying this, do not scruple to contradict him most vehemently, and to insist on it that you merely yielded to his wishes; which, after all, is, as I have already explained, quite true, since in these matters *your* will is to be considered as his.

I may as well mention, by the way, that letters either to or from you, are perfectly sacred from a husband's eye. And if ever, under any circum-

stances, or for whatever reason, he has opened a letter to you, though he might know it to be a tradesman's bill that he was to pay, let him have no peace day or night for some time. But, on the other hand, you have a perfect right to see all *his* letters, because there is always a likelihood that they may relate to *domestic* matters, which are *your* province. I know there are husbands so unreasonable that they absolutely will not allow this, and then you must e'en yield to brute force. Nor would I say that it is worth while, if your husband is very resolute on this point, to risk a quarrel about it. Only remember what your rights are, and enforce them when you can.

I would recommend you, however, not to mention to others that you open his letters; but on the contrary, flatly deny, both to them and to him, that you ever do so. If he should particularize to you some instance of it, you can find some reason why it was *necessary* in that particular instance, which is the *only* one that ever occurred. All the other instances you must remember to forget entirely.

One point there is in which many husbands are particularly apt to encroach—the management and control of the children. I have known a man act as if he really thought the children belonged to the father as much as to the mother. And yet what a mere nothing is the love, and care, and anxiety of a father, compared with that of a mother! And how incomparably inferior is a man's judgment to a woman's in all that relates to the care and education of children! All this you must take due care to impress on your children, lest they should make the mistake of feeling a disproportionate—that is, an equal—degree of regard for their father. In order to impress this wholesome lesson the more fully both on them and him, you should take care to let most of the indulgences and gratifications appear to proceed from *you*, and the restraints, and privations, and punishments from *him*. “Papa won't allow this,” and “Papa insists on so and so,” even when it is your own will that they are required to comply with. And if ever he is disposed to censure or complain of any of the children, or to deny or forbid them anything, do you make your appearance as intercessor in the *child's* presence, so as to present an agreeable contrast to him. Should he venture to remonstrate against this, or, indeed, to remonstrate on any point in the presence of the children, you should complain bitterly of the cruelty of finding fault with you before *your own* children. And take care to do *this* before *them*; that is, to do what *would* be the very thing you are censuring, if the children were to be considered as *his* no less than yours. Nothing will more effectually impress on their minds that it is not so, and that the children are the rightful property of the mother.

With servants I don't think it advisable to go quite so far; only let them all understand that it is to you they must look for directions as to all they are to do. And as for his dismissing, or en-

gaging, or retaining any, without your permission, that is to be regarded as a flagrant encroachment upon your rights, which must be resisted to the uttermost.

As to friends, if there are any of your husband's whom you dislike, either because you suspect he is disposed to treat them with confidence, (which ought to be yours exclusively,) and to consult with them, and give them a place in his heart; or because they have committed the unpardonable offence (to you) of doing him some important service, or because their company bores you, or because their wives are disagreeable, or for any other reason, it is your duty to alienate him from them to the best of your power.

It is well known that there can be no real love without jealousy. And, therefore, when you made a vow to love your husband, you engaged to do your best that he should love no one else—woman or man—except such as, being your own friends, are, so far, a part of yourself. But jealousy, I need hardly say, is never to be *acknowledged*, but always strenuously denied. Your husband, on the other hand, is to be bitterly reproached if he should ever dare to manifest the least jealousy of any friend of yours, female or male, whom you may find it convenient to consult with as to the best way of fulfilling your difficult task of managing such a creature as a man, and to talk over domestic grievances.

Various occasions will present themselves for prejudicing him against those whom you wish to keep from too close an intimacy. One mode, which is particularly successful with some men, is to twit him with being *led*, governed, kept in leading-strings, by any one whom he is disposed confidentially to consult with. You may hint how much the world perceives and laments that a man of his good sense should be so much at another man's disposal, instead of thinking and acting for himself. And it will not be difficult for you, if you exercise any tolerable ingenuity, to *make* this true. If you hint, as a great *secret*, to each of your friends, how deplorably your husband is misled by Mr. So-and-so, and what a pity it is that he does not assert his independence, you will soon find that the world will say what you represent them as saying.

And here you are to observe that you must always, in speaking to your husband, or to any one else, of his friends, take for granted (as it is well known such is generally the case with *men*) that his friendship is founded on a mere capricious *fancy*. His esteem for them, and the good qualities he attributes to them, are to be set to the account of his partiality. And he is partial to them *because* they are his friends. They *became* his friends, not on account of any real merit, but because he took a fancy to them. On this assumption you must always proceed. Any degree of kindness and hospitality, therefore, which you show towards any of his friends whom you like, you are always to represent as a favor done to *him*—as an *indulgence* of a fancy of his.

Then, as for the procedure you are to adopt towards those friends of his whom you *don't* like, I need hardly point out to you how easily you may make your house unpleasant to them. If you are scrupulously and stiffly civil, distant, cold, and unwilling to enter into conversation, and on the watch to introduce whatever topics are the most likely to annoy them, they will gradually draw off towards other houses in which they meet with a warmer welcome from the lady.

What I have said respecting friends, applies, in a great degree, to all other sources of enjoyment which your husband may have that are at all independent of you. His gun or fishing-rod, his pencil, his horses or dogs, his books or his garden, &c., are all to be regarded by you as more or less *rivals*; and you must take measures to prevent his obtaining too much gratification from them.

You yourself are bound, as a good wife, to be yourself a never-failing source of gratification to him. And this must be done, not merely by cultivating those obvious arts of pleasing, in which hardly any woman needs to be instructed who is earnestly bent on putting forth her attractions, but by tempering all these with that ingredient which is indispensable for the fastidious taste of man, *variety*. The charms of variety are proverbial. To make a man happy by a constant unvarying display of amiable qualities, is as mistaken an attempt as to think of composing a piece of music without discords, or to prepare a feast consisting of everything luscious, without salt, mustard, pepper, or vinegar. We enjoy fine weather ten times the more from our uncertainty when it will come, and how long it will last. In climates which have a constant blue sky and hot sun month after month, people get heartily weary of it. And, in respect of female society, the resort of men to *polygamy*, in countries where it is permitted, shows how strong is the passion of men for variety.

This variety a good wife must furnish in her own person. It is the chief art for maintaining a strong hold on her husband's affections. To be constantly sullen and cold, or constantly peevish and complaining, or forever overbearing and violent, is to be like a climate of incessant rain and fog, or of perpetual storm. To be always kind, and yielding, and good-humored, is as tiresome and insipid as a climate of perpetual calm and bright sunshine. And every one knows how ungratefully indifferent or unkind husbands generally are to wives who treat them with this uniform gentleness and kindness—this surfeit of amiability.

A perfect wife resembles that favorite liquor of the male sex, *punch*. Well-made punch is neither too strong nor too weak, too sweet nor too sour, but a judicious compound of all contradictions. Different palates, indeed, and constitutions, are suited by different proportions; but *some* mixture there must be for every one. The *spirit* may be considered as representing intellectual vigor, and knowledge of important subjects. A blue-stocking lady, therefore, is a strong dram of brandy, which most

gentlefolks don't like at all, or only a very little on rare occasions. The *water* corresponds to ordinary chat about the passing occurrences of the day. This, by itself, is insipid, and only serves to quench the thirst we feel for social intercourse—for talking and hearing: but it is a good *vehicle* for something more agreeable. The sugar, of course, represents kindness, endearments of every sort, and, not least, flattery. A great deal of it, by itself, is cloying to the last degree; but it is a most acceptable addition to the other ingredients. And the lemon juice answers to opposition, contradiction, reproach, sarcasm, scolding, and everything that gives a pungent acidity to one's intercourse, and takes off the flatness of it.

It is your business, then, to temper these ingredients together so as to produce that agreeable compound which is necessary to gratify a man's taste for variety. Some men of obtuse palates will bear a good deal of acidity; while to others a very little will make their eyes water, and set their teeth on edge. But whenever you find you have overdone it, throw in plenty of sugar; and you will find this incalculably more acceptable than if you had given him nothing but sugar, sugar, sugar, all along. It is like the *resolution of a discord* in music. I dare say you may have observed that, in a person whose ordinary demeanor is cold and reserved, or harsh and morose, when some occasion occurs that he finds it worth while to be very gracious, in order to get votes or to carry some other point, he will be received with open arms, and will run round your obliging, good-humored fellows in popularity. However, due regard, as I have said, must be paid to the peculiar taste of the particular man you have to deal with. Only remember that *some* variety is necessary for all. Woman's charm is well known to consist, as the poet says, in her being—

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And *variable* as the shade
By the light-quivering aspen made.

And observe, in this admirable description, that "*uncertain*" is part of it. If your changes are *regular*—fits of good and of ill humor, of talking and silence, &c., coming at fixed intervals, or called forth by known circumstances, so as to be foreseen, it takes away all the amusing interest of variability. Never let the man know beforehand, with anything like certainty, what will please or what will displease you. But sometimes give him a sudden shower when he was calculating on fair weather; and sometimes treat him to a bright blue sky when he was apprehending a storm.

Of course, however, you will remember, on the whole, to give him rather more sugar in his punch in proportion as he behaves well, and to let anything that crosses your inclinations always call forth more of the acid. But nothing should be done in extremes. It was, I think, one of the seven sages that gave it as a maxim, to consider your friends as persons who might hereafter be your enemies, and to treat your enemies as if

they might some day be your friends. You should act on a somewhat corresponding maxim. Take care to avoid an irreconcilable quarrel. Never go so far, on the one side, as to declare that you have lost all love and esteem for your husband, nor say anything that it would be difficult to retract. You might break altogether the line that holds your fish. And, on the other side, when you are disposed to be gracious, never be *quite* satisfied, lest the man should grow careless and fancy himself quite perfect. In accepting with much gratitude and good-humor something that he has done right, you must accept it only as an *instalment*, and always have some little matter behind to complain of or to call for.

Of course I need hardly tell you that your husband has no business to *find fault* with you on any occasion. To form and regulate such a delicate thing as the female character, is a task utterly unsuitable to the coarse and clumsy mind of a man. He might as well undertake to superintend your toilet; and if he has the love and admiration for you which he ought to have, he will never see any faults in you, even if you have any. He will rather be looking to his own, and trying to render himself less unworthy of you. But still you should always profess the most earnest *desire* to be instructed, and admonished, and told of your faults. You must always represent yourself as open to conviction, and glad of reproof; for any one who should question this, would be denying you credit for that modest diffidence and humility which are so characteristic of our sex, and so becoming. Your exemption, therefore, from censure and reproof should appear to rise not from your being *unable to bear* censure and reproof, but from your never *needing* any. Your husband's finding no fault with you is to be understood as proceeding not from your objecting to be *told* of your faults, but from your not having any.

Now, some men are so stupid and perverse as not to understand all this: and when you talk much, as you ought to do, of your imperfections, and of your great anxiety to have a faithful monitor at hand to point out your failings, the blockheads will have the impudence to take you at your word, and set to work in sober sadness to look out for, and tell you of, your imperfections, and instruct you, forsooth, how to improve your character!

It requires some management to get rid of this impertinence without giving up your claim to that modest diffidence which I have just mentioned—without acknowledging, in short, that you don't like to be told of your faults.

The general rule is, to acknowledge in *general* terms that you are a mere mass of imperfections, but stoutly to deny each *particular* charge. Everybody knows that we are all "*miserable sinners*," and all quite ready to confess it cheerfully, but any one particular instance of sin is a charge to which most people vehemently plead not guilty; and, as a general rule, you must go on this plan.

Your ordinary course must be to maintain that such and such a particular fault is just the very one you are most incapable of; and that in this or that particular instance you were perfectly in the right. This plan, however, will not do to be acted on exclusively. You must often resort to other modes of procedure to put a stop to this impertinent censorship.

One way is to take every admonition, however, calmly given, as the result of personal *resentment*. For it is plain that no one who loves and admires you as he ought, would ever find fault with you. Anything, therefore, which your husband may blame, you may consider him as viewing in the light of a *personal offence*. You must express your sorrow for having made him *angry* with you, implore his *forgiveness*, and lament your want of power to give him satisfaction. On this point you must make a resolute stand, whatever may be his disavowals of anger and his calmness of demeanor, which you are to set down without hesitation, as feigned. This will probably cure him of his dream of playing the monitor, censor, instructor, critic, counsellor, &c., for *your* benefit, and at your request. When he finds that every admonition or censure is sure to be set down to self-love, as originating in resentment at some personal annoyance to himself, and is supposed to be given for *his own* sake, and not for yours, he will probably desist.

Another good plan is to understand him always as *meaning* much more than he says. If he object, for instance, to your having made some imprudent purchase, what he *means* is, of course, that he has no confidence at all in your judgment in anything, and regards you as a fool, not fit to be entrusted with money or business. If he make any remark on your having advanced some unsound opinion, or let out something before company which had been better not mentioned, he *means* that you and all other women are chattering simpletons, who had better never talk about anything but the weather. If he remonstrate with you for being snappish or sulky on some occasion, his meaning is that he considers you as ill-tempered and altogether disagreeable. If he think some dish at dinner ill-dressed, his meaning is that there is never anything at his table fit to eat, and that you starve him. And so in other cases.

You remember, I dare say, the fairy-tale of the princess, whom her cruel step-mother intended to scourge most severely, and who was preserved by a beneficent fairy, who converted the rods, unperceived, into a bunch of feathers; so that when the savage dame thought her victim was flayed, she was barely tickled. Now suppose some malignant fairy could play a contrary trick on a tender mother, and secretly change the twigs with which she was gently chastising her child into a cat-o'-nine-tails, or Russian knout, so that she could not give the gentlest tap without fetching streams of blood, she would, of course, be obliged to give up whipping altogether. This must be your plan. And when your husband finds that

the gentlest admonition is always understood as a most severe rebuke, and a charge of high crimes and misdemeanors, and that no disavowal of his will ever be listened to, he will give up the game.

And to strengthen your interpretation of his meaning, you may sometimes represent him as *saying* a little more than he really did say; because you are inwardly sure that if he did not utter those very words, they were in his mind. To put in or leave out some little word, such as "always," or "never," will make anything that he may have said as unjust and offensive as it ought to be made to appear. And as for denying his words, why, if they passed in a *tête-à-tête* between you two, your assertion is as good as his.

As for the charges themselves thus brought against you, it will often have an amiable appearance if, instead of strenuously denying them, you meekly submit to his hard opinions, only lamenting that he should think so very ill of you, and compassionating his sad lot in being tied to a wife so incapable of making him happy, and wishing yourself *dead* that he may unite himself to a more suitable companion. This delicate hint that *he* wishes *you* dead, will put a stop, if he have not a heart of rock, to all complaints and fault-finding hereafter; especially if you throw in some allusions to your friends, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, how happy a couple *they* seem to be, and how gratifying it must be to *her* to find that she can give her husband satisfaction. And she, perhaps, will be, at the very same time, making similar use of *you* and your husband; pointing you out to hers as a model of a happy couple; and like you, taking for granted that because there is no bickering going on before company, the *tête-à-tête* intercourse goes on just as smoothly.

With your female friends in private, however, you may have much useful conversation. You may compare notes as to your respective private grievances, and set forth your claims to the praise of self-denying patience in bearing and doing so much in carrying on the difficult business of managing such a (comparatively) selfish and perverse animal as a man. And you may take lessons from each other as to the right conduct of certain lectures, and all other means that are to be used for polishing down, by rougher or gentler friction, the asperities of the male character.

The task is a hard one, certainly; on account of the coarser material of which man is formed. For man, you know, was "made of earth, and woman was made of man;" and the signs may still be seen of this original coarseness. But when you see how much may be made of horses and dogs, and even of wild hawks, by skilful training—how they are taught to come when they are called, and to do as they are bid—you must never despair of training a husband.

But I must remind you, in conclusion, that in conversation with your female friends, and with your own relatives, and indeed with all, it must never be forgotten that your husband is your own exclusive *property*, and that no one is to be

allowed either to blame or to praise him but yourself. Any disparagement of him by another is to be resented most vehemently, inasmuch as he is a part of yourself, and the very man you have chosen out of all the world; and any commendation of him is to be understood as a covert censure of yourself—as an insinuation that you are not worthy of so good a husband. Whatever you may think proper to say to him, or of him, yourself, you must not allow others to be so impertinent as to bring him under their jurisdiction, by presuming either to find fault with him or to commend him. He belongs to you; and no one must be permitted to encroach upon your undoubted prerogative.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE historical and critical essay is a species of literary composition which has arisen, and been brought to perfection, in the lifetime of a single generation. Preceding writers, indeed, had excelled in detached pieces of a lighter and briefer kind; and in the whole annals of thought there is nothing more charming than some of those which graced the age of Queen Anne, and the reigns of the first Georges. But though these delightful essays remain, and will ever remain, models of the purest and most elegant composition, and are always distinguished by just and moral reflections, yet their influence has sensibly declined; and they are turned to, now, rather from the felicity of the expression by which they are graced, than either the information which they contain, the originality by which they are distinguished, or the depth of the views which they unfold. It is still true that "he who would attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant without being ostentatious, must give his days and his nights to the study of Addison." It is not less true, that he who would appreciate the force of which the English language is capable, and acquire the condensed vigor of expression which enters so largely into the highest kind of composition, will ever study the prose of Johnson; as much as the poet, for similar excellences, will recur to the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, or the epistles and satires of Pope.

But, with the advent of the French revolution, the rise of fiercer passions, and the collision of dearer interests, the elegant and amusing class of essays rendered so popular by Addison and his followers passed away. The incessant recurrence of moralizing, the frequent use of allegory, the constant straining after conceits, which appear even in the pages of the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, are scarcely redeemed by the taste of Addison, the fancy of Steele, or the vigor of Johnson. In inferior hands they became insupportable. Men whose minds were stimulated by the Rights of Man—who were entranced by the eloquence of Pitt—who followed the career of Wellington—who were stunned by the thunderbolts of Nelson—could not recur to the *Delias*, the *Chloes*, or the *Phyllises* of a slumbering and pacific age. The proclamation of war to the palace, and peace to the cottage, sent

the stories of the coquette, the prude, and the woman of sense to the right-about. What was now required was something which could minister to the cravings of an excited and enthusiastic age; which should support or combat the new ideas generally prevalent; which should bring the experiences of the past to bear on the visions of the present, and tell men, from the recorded events of history, what they had to hope, and what to fear, from the passion for innovation which had seized possession of so large a portion of the active part of mankind.

The *Edinburgh Review* was the first journal which gave a decided indication of this change in the temper of the public mind. From the very outset it exhibited that vigor of thought, fearlessness of discussion, and raciness of expression, which bespoke the prevalence of independent feeling, novel yearnings, and original ideas, among the people. There was something refreshing and exhilarating in the change. Its success was immediate and immense. The long-slumbering dominion of the monthly and other reviews, which then had the possession of the sceptre of criticism, was at once destroyed. Mediocrity fell into the shade when the light of genius appeared; criticism assumed a bolder and more decided character. Men rejoiced to see the pretensions of authors levelled, their vanity mortified, their errors exposed, their pride pulled down, by the stern hand of the merciless reviewer. The practical application of the maxim, "*Judex damnatum cum nocens absolvitur*," gave universal satisfaction. Every one felt his own consequence increased, his personal feelings soothed, his vanity flattered, when the self-constituted teachers of mankind were pulled down from their lofty pinnacle.

But it was not merely in literary criticism that the *Edinburgh Review* opened a new era in our periodical literature. To its early supporters we owe the introduction of the CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAY, which was an entirely new species of composition, and to the frequent use of which the rapid success of that journal is mainly to be ascribed. The essay always had the name of a book prefixed to it; it professed to be a review. But it was generally a review only in name. The author was frequently never once mentioned in its whole extent. His work was made use of merely as a peg on which to hang a long disquisition on the subject of which it treated. This disquisition was not, like the essays of Addison or Johnson, the work of a few hours' writing, and drawn chiefly from the fancy or imagination of the author; it was the elaborate production of a mind imbued with the subject, and the fruit of weeks or months of careful composition. It was sometimes founded on years of previous and laborious study. Thence its great and obvious value. It not only enlarged the circle of our ideas; it added to the stock of our knowledge. Men came to study a paper on a subject in a review as carefully as they did a regular work of a known and respectable author; they looked to it not only for amusement, but for information. It had this immense advantage—it was shorter than a book, and often contained its essence. It was dis-

titled thought; it was abbreviated knowledge. To say that many of these elaborate and attractive treatises were founded in error—that they were directed to objects of the moment, not of durable interest, and that their authors too often

To party gave up what was meant for mankind—is no impeachment either of the ability with which they were executed, or denial of the beneficial ends to which they ultimately became subservient. What though great part of the talent with which they were written is now seen to have been misdirected—of the views they contained to have been erroneous. It was that talent which raised the counter spirit that righted the public mind; it was those views which ultimately led to their own correction. In an age of intelligence and mental activity, no dread need be entertained of the ultimate sway of error. Experience, the great assertor of truth, is ever at hand to scatter its assailants. It is in an age of mental torpor and inactivity that the chains of falsehood, whether in religion or politics, are abidingly thrown over the human mind.

But, from this very cause, the political essays of the *Edinburgh Review* have been left behind by the march of the world; they have been stranded on the shoals of time; they have almost all been disproved by the event. Open one of the political essays in the Blue-and-yellow, which were read and admired by all the world thirty or forty years ago, and what do you find? Loud declamations against the continuance of the war, and emphatic assertions of the inability of England to contend at land with the conqueror of continental Europe; continual reproaches of incapacity against the ministry, who were preparing the liberation of Spain and the battle of Waterloo; ceaseless assertions that the misery of Ireland was entirely owing to misgovernment—that nothing but Catholic emancipation, and the curtailment of the Protestant church, were required to make that island the most happy, loyal, and contented realm, and its Celtic inhabitants the most industrious and well-conditioned in Europe; loud denunciations that the power of the crown “had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;” lamentations on the evidently approaching extinction of the liberties of England, under the combined action of a gigantic war expenditure and a corrupt, selfish oligarchy; strong recommendations of the speedy abolition of slavery in our West India colonies, as the only mode of enabling our planters to compete with the efforts of the slave-sugar states. Time has enabled the world to estimate these doctrines at their true value. It is not surprising that the *political* essays of a journal professing such principles, have, amidst great efforts towards bolstering up, and ceaseless strains of party laudation, been quietly consigned by subsequent times to the vault of the Capulets.

It is on its literary, critical, and historical essays, therefore, that the reputation of the journal now almost entirely rests. No bookseller has yet ventured on the hazardous step of publishing its political essays together. They will not supplant those

of Burke. But it is otherwise with its literary lucubrations. The publication of the collected works of its leading contributors, in a separate form, has enabled the world to form a tolerably correct opinion of their respective merits and deficiencies. Without taking upon ourselves the office of critics, and fully aware of the delicacy which one periodical should feel in discussing the merits of another, we may be permitted to present, in a few words, what appear to us to be the leading characteristics of the principal and well-known contributors of that far-famed journal. This is the more allowable, as some of them have paid the debt of nature, while others are reposing under the shadow of their well-earned laurels, far removed from the heat and bustle of the day. Their names are familiar to every reader; their works have taken a lasting place in English as well as American literature; and their qualities and excellences are so different as at once to invite and suggest critical discrimination.

The great characteristic of LORD JEFFREY is, with some striking exceptions, the fairness and general justice of the criticism which his works exhibit, the kindly feeling which they evince, and the lively illustrations with which they abound. He had vast powers of application. When in great practice at the bar, and deservedly a leading counsel in jury cases, he contrived to find time to conduct the *Edinburgh Review*, and to enrich its pages by above a hundred contributions. There is no great extent of learning in them. few original ideas, and little of that earnestness of expression which springs from strong internal conviction, and is the chief fountain of eloquent and overpowering oratory. He rarely quotes classical or Italian literature, and his writings give no token of a mind stored with their imagery. He seldom gives you the feeling that he is serious, or deeply impressed with his subject. He seldom strikes with force, but very often touches with felicity. The feeling which pervades his writings is always excellent, often generous; his taste is correct, his criticism in general just; and it is impossible not to admire the light and airy hand with which he treats of the most difficult subjects, and the happy expressions with which he often illustrates the most abstruse ideas. He deals more in Scotch metaphysics than suits the present age; he made some signal and well-known mistakes in the estimation of contemporary poetry; and labored, without effect, to write up Ford, Massinger, and the old dramatists, whom their inveterate indecency has justly banished from general popularity. But these faults are amply redeemed by the attractions of his essays in other respects. There are no more charming reviews in our language than some which his collected papers contain; and no one can rise from their perusal with any surprise that the accomplished author of works containing so much just and kindly criticism should deservedly be a most popular and respected judge.

It is impossible to imagine a more thorough contrast to Lord Jeffrey than the writings of SYDNEY SMITH exhibit. Though a reverend and pious divine, the prebendary of St. Paul's had very little of the sacerdotal character in him. His conversa-

tional talents were great, his success in the highest London society unbounded; but this intoxicating course neither relaxed the vigor of his application, nor deadened the warmth of his feelings. His powers, and they were of no ordinary kind, were always directed, though sometimes with mistaken zeal, to the interests of humanity. His sayings, like those of Talleyrand, were repeated from one end of the empire to the other. These brilliant and sparkling qualities are conspicuous in his writings, and have mainly contributed to their remarkable success both in this country and America. There is scarcely any scholarship, and little information, to be met with in his works. Few take them up to be instructed; many to be amused. He has little of the equanimity of the judge about him, but a great deal of the wit and jocularly of the pleader. He would have made a first-rate jury counsel, for he would alternately have driven them by the force of his arguments, and amused them by the brilliancy of his expressions. There is no more vigorous and forcible diatribe in our language than his celebrated letter on North American repudiation, which roused the attention, and excited the admiration, of the repudiators themselves. He has expressed in a single line a great truth, applicable, it is to be feared, to other nations besides the Americans: "They preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." But Sydney Smith's blows were expended, and wit lavished, in general, on subjects of passing or ephemeral interest; they were not, like the strokes of Johnson, levelled at the universal frailties and characteristics of human nature. On this account, though their success hitherto has been greater, it is doubtful whether his essays will take so high a lasting place in English literature as those of Lord Jeffrey, which in general treat of works of permanent interest.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH differs as widely from the original pillars of the *Edinburgh Review* as they do from each other. The publication of his collected essays, with the historical sketch and fragment which he has left, enables us now to form a fair estimate of his powers. That they were great, no one can doubt; but they are of a different kind from what was at first anticipated. Not a shadow of a doubt can now remain, that, though his noble mind had not been in a great degree swallowed up as it was in the bottomless gulf of London society, and he had spent his whole forenoons for the last fifteen years of his life in writing his history, instead of conversing with fashionable or literary ladies, his labors would have terminated in disappointment. The beginning of a history which he has left, is a sufficient proof of this; it is learned, minute, and elaborate, but dull. The whigs, according to their usual practice with all writers of their own party, hailed its appearance with a flourish of trumpets; but we doubt whether many of them have yet read it through. He had little dramatic power; his writings exhibit no traces of a pictorial eye, and though he had much poetry in his mind, they are not imbued with the poetic character. These deficiencies are fatal to the popularity

of any historian; no amount of learning or philosophical acuteness can supply their want in the *narrative* of events. Guizot is a proof of this; he is, perhaps, one of the greatest writers on the philosophy of history that ever lived; but his history of the English revolution is lifeless beside the pages of Livy or Gibbon. Sir James Mackintosh was fitted to have been the Guizot of English history. His mind was essentially didactic. Reflection, not action, was both the bent of his disposition and the theatre of his glory. His *History of England*, written for Lardner's *Encyclopedia*, can scarcely be called a history; it is rather a series of essays on history. It treats so largely of some events, so scantily of others, that a reader not previously acquainted with the subject, might rise from its perusal with scarcely any idea of the thread of English story. But no one who was already informed on it can do so, without feeling his mind stored with original and valuable reflection, just and profound views. His collected essays from the *Edinburgh Review*, lately put together, are not so discursive as those of Lord Jeffrey, nor so amusing as those of Sydney Smith; but they are much more profound than either, and treat of subjects more permanently interesting to the human race. Many of them, particularly that on representative governments, abound with views equally just and original. It is impossible not to regret, that a mind so richly stored with historical knowledge, and so largely endowed with philosophic penetration, should have left so few lasting monuments of its great and varied powers.

Much as these very eminent men differ from each other, MR. MACAULAY is, perhaps, still more clearly distinguished from either. Both his turn of mind and style of writing are peculiar, and exhibit a combination rarely if ever before witnessed in English, or even modern literature. Unlike Lord Jeffrey, he is deeply learned in ancient and modern lore; his mind is richly stored with the poetry and history both of classical and continental literature. Unlike Mackintosh, he is eminently dramatic and pictorial; he alternately speaks poetry to the soul and pictures to the eye. Unlike Sydney Smith, he has avoided subjects of party contention and passing interest, and grappled with the great questions, the immortal names, which will forever attract the interest and command the attention of man. Milton, Bacon, Machiavelli, first awakened his discriminating and critical taste; Clive, Warren Hastings, Frederick the Great, called forth his dramatic and historic powers. He has treated of the Reformation and the Catholic reaction in his review of Ranke; of the splendid despotism of the popedom in that of Hildebrand; of the French revolution in that of Barère. There is no danger of his essays being forgotten, like many of those of Addison; nor of pompous uniformity of style being complained of, as in most of those of Johnson. His learning is prodigious; and perhaps the chief defects of his composition arise from the exuberant riches of the stores from which they are drawn. When warmed in his subject he is thoroughly in earnest, and his lan-

guage, in consequence, goes direct to the heart. In many of his writings—and especially the first volume of his history, and his essay on the Reformation—there are reflections equally just and original, which never where surpassed in the philosophy of history. That he is imbued with the soul of poetry need be told to none who have read his *Battle of the Lake Regillus*; that he is a great biographer will be disputed by none who are acquainted with the splendid biographies of Clive and Hastings, by much the finest productions of the kind in the English language.

Macauley's style, like other original things, has already produced a school of imitators. Its influence may distinctly be traced, both to the periodical and daily literature of the day. Its great characteristic is the shortness of the sentences, which often equals that of Tacitus himself, and the rapidity with which new and distinct ideas or facts succeed each other in his richly-stored pages. He is the Pope of English prose; he often gives two sentiments and facts in a single line. No preceding writer in prose, in any modern language with which we are acquainted, has carried this art of abbreviation, or rather cramming of ideas to such a length; and to its felicitous use much of the celebrity which he has acquired is to be ascribed. There is no doubt that it is a most powerful engine for the stirring of the mind, and when not repeated too often, or carried too far, has a surprising effect. Its introduction forms an era in historical composition. To illustrate our meaning, and at the same time adorn our pages with passages of exquisite, almost redundant beauty, we gladly transcribe two well-known ones, taken from the most perfect of his historical essays. Of Lord Clive he says—

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realized, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim, when compared with the splendor of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved, at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one half of a Roman legion. From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our eastern empire. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption, which had previously prevailed in India. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days, compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the Company and its servants has been taken away; if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any

native dynasty; if to that gang of public robbers which formerly spread terror through the whole of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence, than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit; if we now see such men as Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return proud of their honorable poverty from a land which once held to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth—the praise is in no small degree due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors; but it is found in a better list—in the list of those who have done and suffered much in the cause of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan; nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generation of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentick.*

The well-known description of Hastings' trial is as follows:—

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus—the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers; the streets were kept clear by cavalry; the peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds, under the Gartering-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience, such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of the great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thun-

* Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, iii., 205, 206.

dered against the oppressors of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which had preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried Westminster against Palace and Treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.*

As a contrast to these splendid pictures, we subjoin the portrait of the Black Hole of Calcutta, which proves that, if the author is in general endowed with the richness of Ariosto's imagination, he can, when necessary, exhibit the terrible powers of Dante.

Then was committed that great crime—memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice—the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to the natives of England by lofty halls, and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was 146. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated, they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut all down who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in the history of fiction—not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy; they strove to burst the door. Holwell, who even in that extremity retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the nabob's orders; that the nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad

with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows—fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers, in the mean time, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of the victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened; but it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heap of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When, at length, a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, came forth alive. A pit was instantly dug; the dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.*

This style does admirably well for short biographies, such as those of Warren Hastings or Clive, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the object is to condense the important events of a whole lifetime into comparatively few pages, and fascinate the reader by as condensed and brilliant a picture as it is possible to present, of the most striking features of their character and story. But how will it answer for a lengthened history, such as Macaulay's great work promises to be, extending to twelve or fifteen volumes! How will it do to make the "extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread?" Ragouts and French dishes are admirable at a feast, or on particular occasions, but what should we say to a diet prescribed of such highly seasoned food every day! It is true, there are not many such brilliant and striking passages as those we have quoted. The subject, of course, would not admit of, the mind of the reader would sink under, the frequent repetition of such powerful emotion. But the style is generally the same. It almost always indicates a crowd of separate ideas, facts, or assertions, in such close juxtaposition that they literally seem wedged together. Such is the extent of the magazine of reading and information from which they are drawn, that they come tumbling out, often without much order or arrangement, and generally so close together that it is difficult for a person not previously acquainted with the subject to tell which are of importance and which are immaterial.

This tendency, when as confirmed and general as it has now become, we consider by far the most serious fault in Mr. Macaulay's style; and it is not less conspicuous in his general history than in his detached biographies. Indeed, its continuance in the former species of composition is mainly owing to the brilliant success with which it has been attended in the latter. In historical essays it is not a blemish, it is rather a beauty; because, in such miniature portraits or cabinet pieces, minuteness of finishing and crowding of incidents in a small space are among the principal requisites we

* Critical and Historical Essays, iii., 446, 447.

* *Ibid.*, iii., 144-146.

desire, the chief charm we admire. But the style of painting which we justly admire in Albano and Vanderwerf, would be misplaced in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or even the extended canvass of the Transfiguration. We do not object to such elaborate finishing, such brevity of sentences, such crowding of facts and ideas, in the delineation of the striking incidents or principal characters of the work; what we object to is its continuance on ordinary occasions, in the drawing of inconsiderable characters, and in what should be the simple thread of the story. Look how easy Hume is in his ordinary narrative—how unambitious Livy, in the greater part of his history. We desiderate such periods of relaxation and repose in Macaulay. We there always discover learning, genius, power; but the prodigal display of these powers often mars their effect. We see it not only in delineating the immortal deeds of heroes, or the virtues of princesses, but in portraying the habits of serving-women or the frailties of maids of honor. With all its elevated and poetical qualities, the mind of Macaulay occasionally gives token of its descent from our common ancestress, Eve, in an evident fondness for gossip. It would, perhaps, be well for him to remember that the scandal of our great great grand-mothers is not generally interesting, or permanently edifying; and that he is not to measure the gratification it will give to the world in general, by the avidity with which it is devoured among the titled descendants of the fair sinners in the whig coteries. There is often a want of breadth and keeping in his pictures. To resume our pictorial metaphor, Macaulay's pages often remind us of the paintings of Bassano, in which warriors and pilgrims, horses and mules, dromedaries and camels, sheep and lambs, Arabs and Ethiopians, shining armor and glistening pans, spears and pruning-hooks, scimitars and shepherds' crooks, baskets, and precious stuffs, are crammed together without mercy, and with an equal light thrown on the most insignificant as the most important parts of the piece.

When he is engaged in a subject, however, in which minute painting is not misplaced, and the condensation of striking images is a principal charm, Mr. Macaulay's pictorial eye and poetical powers appear in their full lustre. We observe with pleasure that he has not forgotten the example and precept of Herodotus, who considered geography as a principal part of history; and that, in the description of countries, he has put forth the whole vigor of his mind with equal correctness of drawing and brilliancy of coloring. As a specimen, we subjoin the admirable picture of the plain of Bengal, in the life of Clive:

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages, both for agriculture and commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould, which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice-fields yield an increase such as is

elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot, and of the Mah-ratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate, and accustomed to peaceful avocations, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water, and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does he does languidly. His favorite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bold exertion; and though volatile in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.*

The talent of military description, and the picture of battle, is one of a very peculiar kind, which is often wholly wanting in historians of a very high character in other respects. It is a common observation, that all battles in history are like each other—a sure proof that their authors did not understand the subject; for every battle, fought from the beginning of time, in reality differs from another as much as every countenance. In his previous writings, Mr. Macaulay had enjoyed few opportunities of exhibiting his strength in this important particular: though it might have been anticipated, from the brilliancy of his imagination, and the powerful pictures in his *Lays of Rome*, that he would not be inferior in this respect to what he had proved himself to be in other parts of history. But the matter has now been put to the test; and it gives us the highest satisfaction to perceive, from the manner in which he has treated a comparatively trifling engagement, that he is fully qualified to portray the splendid victories of Marlborough, the bold intrepidity of Hawke, and the gallant daring of Peterborough. It would be difficult to find in history a more spirited and graphic description than he has given in his great work of the battle of Sedgemoor, with the scene of which he seems, from early acquaintance, to be peculiarly familiar:—

Monmouth was startled at finding that a broad

*Critical and Historical Essays, iii., 141, 142.

and profound trench lay between him and the camp he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the hollow, and fired. Part of the royal infantry, on the opposite bank, returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high. But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards, and Blues, came pricking up from Weston Zoyland, and scattered, in an instant, some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among the fugitives in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were some miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition wagons. The king's forces were now united, and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had adjusted his cravat, had looked himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. What was of much more consequence, Churchill (Marlborough) had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day had begun to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain by broad sunlight could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands, whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes, and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that, if he tarried, the royal cavalry would soon be in his rear; he mounted, and rode off from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but these Somerset clowns, with their scythes and the but-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back; he himself was struck to the ground, and lay, for a time, as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last; their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of, "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners, that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment had to take upon himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill-served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake—the ranks broke. The king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them. The king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity, the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete; three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels, more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.*

We have dwelt so long on the general characteristics and peculiar excellences of Mr. Macaulay's compositions, that we have hardly left sufficient space to enter so fully as we could wish into the merits of the great work on which he has staked his reputation with future times. It was looked forward to with peculiar, and we may say unexampled interest, both from the known celebrity and talents of the author—not less as a parliamentary orator than a practised critic—and the importance of the blank which he was expected to fill up in English literature. He has contracted an engagement with the public, to give the *History of England* during the last century; to fill up the void from the English to the French revolution. He came after Hume, whose simple and undying narrative will be coeval with the long and eventful thread of English story. He has undertaken the history of the glorious age of Queen Anne, and the era of the first Georges—of the victories of Marlborough, and the disasters of North—of the energy of Chatham, and the brilliancy of Bolingbroke; he has to recount equally the chivalrous episode of Charles Edward and the heroic death of Wolfe—the inglorious capitulation of Cornwallis, and the matchless triumphs of Clive. That the two first volumes of his work have not disappointed the public expectation is proved by the fact, that, before two months had elapsed from publication, they had already reached a third edition.

We shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th of October, 1674, instead of 8th February, 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence, has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because, on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. We

* History, i., 610, 611.

shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.

In the first place, we must bestow the highest praise on the general sketch of English history which he has given down to the period of Charles. Such a *precis* forms the most appropriate introduction to his work, and it is done with a penetration and justice which leaves nothing to be desired. Several of his remarks are equally original and profound, and applicable—not only to a right understanding of the thread of former events, but to the social questions with which the nation is engaged at the present moment. We allude in particular to the observations that the spread of the Reformation has been everywhere commensurate with that of the Teutonic race, and that it has never been able to take root among those of the Celtic descent; that, in modern times, the spread of intelligence and the vigor of the human mind, has been coëxtensive with the establishment of the reformed opinions, while despotism in governments, and slumber in their subjects, has characterized, with certain brilliant exceptions of infidel passion, those in which the ancient faith is still prevalent; and that the Romish belief and observances were the greatest blessing to humanity, during the violence and barbarism of the middle ages, but the reverse among enlightened nations of modern times. It is refreshing to see opinions of this obviously just and important kind advanced, and distinctions drawn, by a writer of the high celebrity and vast knowledge of Mr. Macaulay. It is still more important when we have only just emerged from an age in which the admission of the Roman Catholics into Parliament was so strenuously recommended, as the greatest boon which could possibly be conferred on society—and are entering on another, in which its ceremonies and excitements have become the refuge of so many even in this country, at least of the softer sex, and in the highest ranks, with whom the usual attractions of the world have begun to fail or become insipid—to see the evident tendency of the Romish faith characterized in a manner equally removed from the bigoted prejudices of the Puritans, and the blind passion or modern Catholic proselytism, by an author bred up amid the din of Roman Catholic emancipation, and a distinguished contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

We wish we could bestow equal praise on the justice of the views, and impartiality of the delineation of character, in the critical period of the great rebellion, which Mr. Macaulay treats more at length; and lest he should fear that our praise will be valueless, as being that of a panegyric, we shall be proud to give him fierce battle on that point. We thank God we are not only old Tories, but, as the Americans said of a contemporary historian, the "*oldest of Tories*;" and we are weak enough to be confirmed in our opinions by

the evident fact that they are those of a small minority of the present age. It is not likely, therefore, that we should not find an opportunity to break a lance with our author in regard to Charles I. and the great rebellion. We must admit, however, that Mr. Macaulay is much more impartial in his estimate of that event, than he was in some of his previous essays; that he gives with anxious fairness the arguments on the opposite side of the question; and that he no longer represents the royal victim as now a favorite only with women—and that because his countenance is pacific and handsome on the canvass of Vandyke, and he took his son often on his knee, and kissed him.

Mr. Macaulay represents the great rebellion as a glorious and salutary struggle for the liberties of England;—a struggle to the success of which, against the tyranny of the Stewarts, the subsequent greatness of England is mainly to be ascribed. The trial and execution of Charles I. he describes as an event melancholy, and to be deplored; but unavoidable and necessary, in consequence of the perfidy and deceit of a "man whose whole life had been a series of attacks on the liberties of England." He does full justice to the courage and dignity with which he met his fate, but holds that he was deservedly destroyed, though in a most violent and illegal manner, in consequence of his flatteries and machinations.* "There never," says he, "was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence." We take a directly opposite view of the question. We consider the resistance of the Long Parliament to Charles as a series of selfish and unprincipled acts of treason against a lawful sovereign; not less fatal to the liberties of the country at the time, than they were calculated in the end to have proved to its independence, and which would long ere this have worked out its ruin, if another event had not, in a way which its author did not intend, worked out a cure for the disease. We consider the civil war as commenced from blind selfishness, "ignorant impatience of taxation," and consummated under the combined influence of hypocritical zeal and guilty ambition. We regard the death of Charles as an atrocious and abominable murder, vindicated by no reasons of expedience, authorized by no principle of justice, which has lowered forever England to the level of the adjoining nations in the scale of crime; and which, had it not been vindicated by subsequent loyalty and chivalrous feeling, in the better part of the people, would long since have extinguished alike its liberties and its independence. Even Hume has represented the conduct and motives of the leaders of the Long Parliament in too favorable a light—and it is no wonder he did so, for it is only since his time that the selfish passions have been brought into play on the political theatre—which at once explains the difficulties with which Charles had to struggle, and put in a just light his tragic fate.

* Vol. I., p. 127, 123.

Mr. Hume represents the Long Parliament, in the commencement of the contest with the king, as influenced by a generous desire to secure and extend the liberties of their country, and as making use of the constitutional privilege of giving or withholding supplies for that important object. If this was really their object, we should at once admit they acted the part of true patriots, and are entitled to the lasting gratitude of their country and the world. But, admitting this was what they professed, that this was their stalking-horse, in what respect did their conduct correspond with such patriotic declarations? Did they use either their legitimate or usurped power for the purpose of extending and confirming the liberties of their country, or even diminishing the weight of the public burdens which pressed most severely on the people? So far from doing so, they multiplied these burdens fifty-fold; they levied them, not by the authority of Parliament, but by the terrors of military execution; and while they refused to the entreaties of the king the pittance of a few hundred thousand pounds, to put the coasts in a state of defence, and protect the commerce of his subjects, they levied of their own authority, and without parliamentary sanction, no less than *eighty-four millions* sterling, between 1640 and 1659, in the form of military contributions—levied for no other purpose but to deluge the kingdom with blood, destroy its industry, and subject its liberties to the ruin of military oppression. True, Charles I. dissolved many parliaments, was often hasty and intemperate in the mode of doing so; for eleven years reigned without a house of commons, and brought on the collision by his attempt to levy ship-money, for the protection of the coasts, of his own authority. But why did he do so? Why did he endeavor to dispense with the old and venerable name of Parliament, and incur the odium, and run the risk, of governing alone in a country where the hereditary revenue was so scanty, and the passion for freedom so strong that, even with all the aids from Parliament, he had never enjoyed so large an income as two millions a year? Simply because he was driven to it by necessity; because he found it was absolutely impossible to get on with parliaments which obstinately refused to discharge their first of duties—that of providing for the public defence—or discharge his duties as chief magistrate of the realm, in conformity either with his coronation oath or the plain necessities and obligations of his office, from the invincible resistance which the house of commons, on every occasion, made to parting with money.

Their conduct was regulated by a very plain principle—it was perfectly consistent, and such as, under the existing constitution, could not fail very soon to bring government to a dead lock, and compel the sovereign either at once to abdicate his authority, or barter it away piecemeal against small grants of money, reluctantly, and in the most parsimonious spirit, granted by his subjects. They said, “Govern any way you please, defend

the country the best way you can, get out of your difficulties as you think fit, but do not come to us for money. Anything but that. It is your business to defend us, it is not ours to contribute to our defence. Let our coasts be insulted by the French, or pillaged by the Dutch; let our trade be ruined, and even our fishermen chased into their harbors by the continental privateers; but don't come to us for money. If we give anything, it will be as little as we can in decency offer; and, in return for such liberal concessions, you must on every occasion surrender an important part of the prerogative of the crown.” The king did this for some years after he came to the throne, always trusting that his concessions would secure at length a liberal supply of money, for the public defence, from the house of commons. He said, and said with truth, that he had conceded more to his subjects than any monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. The petition of rights, granted early in his reign, proved this; it contained nearly all the guarantees since desired or obtained for English freedom. But all was unavailing. The commons would give no money, or they would give it only in exchange for the most essential prerogatives of the crown, without which public defence was impossible, and anarchy must have usurped its place.

They began the civil war at length, and handed the nation over to the horrors of domestic slaughter and military despotism, because the king would not consent to part with the command of the armed force—a requisition so monstrous that it plainly amounted to an abrogation of the royal authority, and has never, since the Restoration, been seriously contended for by radicals, repealers, or charlists, even in the worst periods of the Irish rebellion or French revolution. It is not surprising that subsequent times for long mistook the real nature of the king's situation, and threw on him blame for events of which, in reality, he was blameless. Mankind were not then so well acquainted, as they have since become, with the strength of an ignorant impatience of taxation. Since then, they have seen it divide the greatest empires, ruin the most celebrated commonwealths, disgrace the most famed republics, paralyze the most powerful states. It has broken down the central authority, and divided into separate kingdoms the once puissant German empire; it has ruined and brought partition on the gallant Polish democracy; it induced on France the horrors of the revolution, and permanently destroyed its liberties by causing the Notables to refuse Calonne's proposition for equal taxation; it has disgraced the rise of American freedom, by the selfishness of repudiation and the cupidity of conquest. These were the evils, and this the disgrace, which Charles I. strove to avert in his contest with the Long Parliament; these the evils and this the disgrace which their leaders strove to impose on this country. We have only to look at the Free-trade Hall at Manchester, at this time reëchoing with applause at proposals to disband our army and sell

our ships in order to be able to sell cotton goods a halfpenny per pound cheaper than at present, to see what was the spirit with which Charles I. had to contend during the Great Rebellion.

Historians have often expressed their surprise at the vigor of the rule of Cromwell, and the energetic manner in which he caused the national flag to be respected by foreign states. But, without detracting from the well-earned fame of the protector in this respect, it may safely be affirmed, that the main cause of his success in foreign transactions was, that he had got the means of making the English pay taxes. He levied them with the sabre and the bayonet. Between contributions, sequestrations, and impositions, his commissioners contrived to wrench enormous sums, for those days, out of the country. He raised the revenue from £2,000,000 a year to nearly £6,000,000. He got quit of the disagreeable burden of parliamentary grants. He found his troops much more effectual tax-gatherers. He did what, by gentler means, and in a less oppressive way, Charles had tried to do. He levied sums from the nation adequate for the public defence, and which enabled it to take the place to which it was entitled in the scale of nations. Had the original leaders of the Long Parliament not been superseded by his iron hand, they would have left England as much exposed to foreign insult, as much in peril of foreign invasion, as Poland proved from the triumph of the same selfish principles.

It is true Charles at length became a dissembler, and made many promises which were afterwards broken. But why did he become a dissembler? How did it happen that his nature, originally open, unreserved, and chivalrous, even to a fault, became at length cautious, and marked by dissimulation? Simply because he was assailed on all sides by dissemblers and dissimulators. He was driven to it by stern necessity in his own defence, and as the only way of carrying on the government. The whole conduct of his parliaments to him was one tissue of falsehoods and deceit. They constantly professed loyalty with their lips, while they were thinking only of treason in their hearts; they were loud in their protestations of zeal for the public service, when they were thinking only of keeping close their purse-strings, and shaking off every imaginable tax levied for the public defence. Like their descendants in Transatlantic realms, they "preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." It was only by fair words, by promising more than he was able to perform, by bartering the prerogative of the crown for parsimonious grants—£200,000 one year, £300,000 another—that he was able to provide, in the most penurious way, for the public service. His faithful commons were impressed with the idea, and proceeded on the principle, that the monarch was an enemy cased in armor, and that it was their business to strip him of every article he possessed, so as to leave him entirely at their mercy, and reduce the government to a pure untaxed democracy. They first got the shield;

they next seized the helmet; the breast-plate could not long be withheld; and at last they began to fight for the sword. Was consistency, or perfect sincerity of conduct, practicable with such men? Have not the English, in their wars in the East, been under the necessity of borrowing from their opponents much of their vigor and violence, and not unfrequently their ambition and dissimulation? Let us figure to ourselves Queen Victoria, without a national debt or parliamentary influence, going to Mr. Cobden and the commons in Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, and asking for funds to support the army and navy in a defensive war, which promised no extension of the market for cotton goods; or the president of the American republic proposing a direct income-tax of five per cent. on his faithful repudiators, to support a war which held out a prospect neither of Mexican silver nor Californian gold, and we shall have some idea of the difficulties with which the unhappy Charles had to contend in his parliamentary struggles, and appreciate the stern necessity which turned even his noble and chivalrous character to temporary shifts, and sometimes discreditable expedients.

Again, as to the death of Charles, can it be regarded in any other light but as a foul and atrocious murder? He was tried neither by the peers nor the commons—neither by the courts of law, nor a national convention—but by a self-constituted junto of military officers, rebels to his government, traitors to their country, who, having exhausted in their remorseless career every imaginable crime, of robbery, rape, arson, assault, and treason, now added WILFUL MURDER—cold-blooded murder, to the number. However it is viewed, the crime was equally unpardonable and inexpedient. If the country was still to be regarded as a monarchy, though torn by intestine divisions, then were Cromwell and all his brother regicides not only murderers, but traitors, for they put to death their lawful sovereign. If the bonds of allegiance are to be held as having been broken in the preceding convulsions, and the contest considered as that of one state with another—which is the most favorable view to adopt for the regicides—then Charles, when he fell into their hands, was a prisoner of war; and it was as much murder to put him to death as it would have been in the English, if they had slain Napoleon when he came on board the *Bellerophon*, or in Charles V. if he had despatched Francis I. when he became his prisoner after the battle of Pavia. The immediate object at issue when the civil war began—the right claimed by the commons of appointing officers to the militia—was one in which they were clearly and confessedly in the wrong, and one which, if granted by Charles, as all the previous demands of the commons had been, would infallibly have landed the nation in the bottomless pit of an untaxed, unbridled, and senseless democracy, as incapable of self-defence as Poland, as regardless of external rights as Rome in ancient, or America in modern times.

The extreme peril to English liberties and in-

dependence, which arose from the exorbitant pretensions and disastrous success of the Long Parliament, with their canting military successors, distinctly appears in the deplorable state and disgraceful situation of England from the Restoration in 1661 to the Revolution in 1688. Notwithstanding all their professions of regard for freedom, and their anxiety to secure the liberties of the subject, the Long Parliament had done nothing for either in future times, while they had destroyed both in present. They had not even introduced a *habeas corpus* act to guard against arbitrary imprisonment. They had not given life appointments to the judges. They had made no provision for the impartial selection of juries. They had left the courts of law what, till the Revolution, they had ever been in English history—the arena in which the contending factions in the state alternately overthrew or murdered each other. They were too decided tyrants in their hearts to part with any of the weapons of tyranny in their hands. They had made no permanent provision for the support of the crown, or the maintenance of a force by sea and land adequate to the public defence; but left their sovereign at the mercy of a parliament of cavaliers eager for vengeance, thirsting for blood, but nearly as indisposed to make any suitable grants for the public service as any of their predecessors had been. The “ignorant impatience of taxation” was as conspicuous in the parsimony of their supplies as it had been in those of Charles’ Parliament. But such was the strength of the reaction in favor of monarchy and royal authority, in consequence of the intensity of the evils which had been suffered from democratic and parliamentary government, that there was scarcely any sacrifice of public liberties that the royalist parliaments were not at first disposed to have made, provided it could be done without trenching on their pecuniary resources. An *untaxed despotism* was their idea of the perfection of government, as an untaxed republic had been the bright vision of the parliamentary leaders. Had Charles II. been a man of as much vigor and perseverance as he was of quickness and talent, and had his abilities, which were wasted in the boudoirs of the Duchess of Portsmouth or the Countess of Castlemain, been devoted, like those of Louis XI. or Cardinal Richelieu, to a systematic attack on the public liberties, he might, without difficulty, have subverted the freedom of England, and left, as a legacy of the Long Parliament, to future times, not only the murder of their sovereign, but the final ruin of the national liberties.

Mr. Macaulay has done one essential service to the cause of truth by the powerful and graphic, and, we doubt not, correct account he has given in his first volume of the desperate feuds of the rival parties with each other during this reign, and the universal prostitution of the forms of justice, and the sanctity of courts of law, to the most cruel and abominable purposes. There is no picture of human iniquity and cruelty more revolting than is presented in the alternate triumphs of the whig

and tory parties, from the excitement produced by the Popish and Rye-house plots, and noble blood which was shed alternately by both parties in torrents on the scaffold, to allay the terrors of insensate folly, or satiate the revenge of aroused indignation. The hideous iniquity of the courts of law during those disastrous days, and the concurrence of the ruling majority in their proceedings, demonstrate how lamentably the Long Parliament had failed in erecting any bulwarks for the public liberties, or strengthening the foundations of public virtue. At the same time, the disgraceful spectacle of our fleets swept from the Channel, or burnt in their harbors by the Dutch, proves how wretched a provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defence of the realm. Nor was private morality, either in high or low places, on a better footing. The king and all his ministers received the pensions of Louis XIV.; the whole leaders of the patriots, from Algernon Sydney downwards, with the exception of Lord Russell, followed his example. The ladies of the metropolis, as well as the court, were intent only on intrigue. The licentiousness of the stage was such as almost exceeds belief. Nothing was thought of in the house of commons but saving money, or satisfying revenge. Such was the parsimony of Parliament, whether the majority was whig or royalist, that the most necessary expenses of the royal household could only be defrayed by pensions from France. French mistresses directed the king’s councils and almost exclusively occupied his time; French alliance misdirected the national forces; French manners entirely subverted the national morals. England, from its vacillation in foreign policy, had forfeited all the respect of foreign nations, while, from the general selfishness and corruption which prevailed, it had lost all respect for itself. The Long Parliament and Great Rebellion, from the necessary reaction to which they gave rise, of loyalty against treason, and of the thirst for pleasure against the cant of hypocrisy, had all but ruined England; for they had exchanged its liberties for tyranny, its morals for licentiousness.

In truth England *was ruined*, both externally and internally, from these causes, had it not been for one of those events by which Providence at times confounds the counsels of men, and changes the destiny of nations. The accession of James II., and the systematic attack which, in concert with Louis XIV., he made on the Protestant faith, at length united all England against the fatal attempt. The spectacle of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in France, in November, 1685, showed the Protestants what they had to expect from the measures simultaneously adopted, and in virtue of a secret compact, by James II. in England. The Treaty of Augsburg in 1686, by which the Protestant states of the continent were united in a league against this Roman Catholic invasion, and to which William III. on the Revolution immediately got England to accede, was the foundation of the grand alliance which secured independence to the Reformed faith, and liberty to

Europe, as effectually as the grand alliance of 1813 rescued it from the tyranny of Napoleon. We go along entirely with Mr. Macaulay's admirable account of the causes which led to the general coalition of parties against James—the abominable cruelty of Jeffrey's campaign in the west, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, and the evident determination the monarch evinced to force the slavery and absurdities of the Romish faith on a nation too generally enlightened to submit to either. It is refreshing to see these just and manly sentiments, so long the glory of England, coming from a man of his weight and learning, after the sickly partiality for Roman Catholic agitators, which, for the purposes of faction, has so long pervaded many of his party, and the inexplicable return to the sway of priests and confessors which has recently appeared among some of our women of fashion. We hold that James justly forfeited his crown for his share in these atrocious proceedings, and entirely concur with Mr. Macaulay in regarding the Revolution as the turning point of English history—the *terminus a quo*, from which we are to date its celebrity in arms and literature, its mighty advance in strength and power, and the establishment of its liberties on a lasting foundation. We congratulate the country that the task of recording the circumstances, and tracing the consequences of this great event, has fallen into the hands of a gentleman so singularly qualified to do it justice, and sincerely wish him a long lease of life and health to bring his noble work to a conclusion.

If we were disposed to criticize at all the manner in which he has executed the part of this great work hitherto presented to the public, we should say that, in the tracing the causes of events, he ascribes too much to domestic, and too little to foreign influences; and that in the delineation of character, though he never advances what is false, he not unfrequently conceals, or touches but lightly, on what is true. He represents England as almost entirely regulated in its movements by internal agitation or parliamentary contests; forgetting that that agitation, and these contests, were in general themselves, in great part, produced by the simultaneous changes going on in opinion and external relations on the continent. His history, as yet at least, is too exclusively English, not sufficiently European. Thus he mentions only incidentally, and in three lines, the treaty of Augsburg in 1686, which bound Protestant Europe against France, and entirely regulated the external policy and internal thought of England for the next century. So also in the delineation of character; we can never fail to admire what he has done, but we have sometimes cause to regret what he has left undone. He has told us, what is undoubtedly true, that James II. did not, after the struggle began in England, evince the courage he had previously shown in action with the Dutch; but he has not told us, what is equally true, that in those actions he had fought as often, and evinced heroism as great, as either Nelson or Collingwood. He has told us that James sedulously attended to the royal

navy, and was successful because he was the only honest man in his dockyards; but he has not told us, what is equally true, that it was that attention to the navy, and the effort to raise funds for it, which the Long Parliament from selfish parsimony positively refused to grant, which cost Charles I. his throne and life, and, now renewed by his son, laid the foundation of the navy which gained the battle of La Hogue, 1692, broke the naval power of Louis XIV., and for the next century determined the maritime struggle between France and England.

He has told us sufficiently often, that the beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's fortunes was the gift of £5000, which he received from the beautiful mistress of the king, Lady Castlemaine. This is undoubtedly true; and he has added, what we have no doubt is equally so, that on one occasion he was so near being caught with her ladyship that he only escaped by leaping out of the window. He has added, also, that whenever he was going to do anything particularly base, Marlborough always began speaking about his conscience, and the Protestant faith. We have no objection to the leaping the window, for it is very probable, and at all events *piquant*—and *se non e vero e ben trovato*; but we object vehemently to his protestations in favor of the reformed religion being set down as a hypocritical cover for base and selfish designs, for that is imputing motives—a mode of proceeding never allowed in the humblest court of justice, and in an especial manner reprehensible in a first-rate historian, who is painting a character for the instruction and consideration of future times. And since Mr. Macaulay has so prominently brought forward what is to be blamed in Marlborough's career, (and no one can condemn more severely than we do his treachery to James, though it has been so long praised by whig writers,) we hope he will record with equal accuracy, and tell as often, that he refused repeatedly the offer of the government of the Low Countries, with its magnificent appointment of £60,000 a year, made to him by the emperor after the battle of Ramilies, lest by accepting it he should induce dissension in the alliance; that his private correspondence with the duchess evinces throughout the war the most anxious desire for its termination; and that, at the time when the factious tory press represented him as prolonging hostilities for his own sordid purposes, he was anxiously endeavoring to effect a general pacification at the conferences of Gertruydenberg, and writing a private and very earnest letter to his nephew, the Duke of Berwick, then at the head of the French army, urging him to use his influence with Louis XIV. in order to bring about a peace. We would strongly recommend Mr. Macaulay to consider the advice we have heard given to a historian in the delineation of character: "Make it a point of conscience to seek out, and give with full force, all authentic favorable anecdotes of persons whom you *dislike*, or to whose opinions you are *opposed*. As to those whom you like, or who are of your own party, you may exercise your own discretion."

Cordially concurring, however, as we do with

Mr. Macaulay, in his estimate of the beneficial effects of the revolution of 1688, there is one peculiar benefit which he may possibly not bring so prominently forward as its importance deserves, and which, therefore, we are anxious to impress upon the public mind. It is true that it purified the bench, confirmed the Habeas Corpus Act, closed the human shambles which the Court of King's Bench had been, pacified Scotland, and for above a century effected the prodigy of keeping Ireland quiet. But it did yet greater things than these; and the era of the revolution is chiefly remarkable for the new dynasty having taught the government *how to raise taxes in the country*, and thus brought England to take the place to which she was entitled in the scale of nations, by bringing the vast national resources to bear upon the national struggles. Charles I. had lost his crown and his head in the attempt to raise money—first legally, and then, when he failed in that, illegally—in the realm, adequate to the national defence. Cromwell had asserted the national dignity in an honorable way, only because his troops gave him the means of levying sufficient supplies, for the first time in English history, at the point of the bayonet. But with the termination of his iron rule, and the restoration of constitutional sway at the restoration, the old difficulty about supplies returned, and government, to all practical purpose, was nearly brought to a dead-lock. The commons, now royalist, would vote nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of money; and the nation was defeated and disgraced, from the impossibility of discovering any way of making it vote money for its own defence. But that which the Stuarts could never effect by appeals to honor, spirit, or patriotism, William III. and Anne soon found the means of accomplishing, by bringing into play, and enlisting on their side, different and less creditable motives. They did not oppose honor and patriotism to interest, but they contrived to rear up one set of interests to combat another. They brought with them from Holland, where it had been long practised, and was perfectly understood, the art of managing public assemblies. They no longer bullied the house of commons—they *bribed it*; and, strange to say, it is to the entire success of the gigantic system of borrowing, expending, and corrupting, which they introduced, and which their successors so faithfully followed, that the subsequent greatness of England is mainly to be ascribed.

William III., on his accession, immediately joined the league of Augsburg against France—a league obviously rendered necessary by the exorbitant ambition and priest-ridden tyranny of Louis XIV.; and the contest, brought to a glorious termination by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697, was but a prelude to the triumphant war of the succession, abruptly closed by the discreditable peace of Utrecht in 1714. That England was the life and soul of this alliance, and that Marlborough was the right arm which won its glorious victories, is universally acknowledged; but it is not equally known, what is not less true, that it was the system of managing

the house of commons by means of loans, good places, and bribes, which alone provided the sinews of war, and prepared the triumphs of Blenheim and Ramilies. It is true the nation was, at first at least, hearty and unanimous in the contest, both from religious zeal for the reformation and national rivalry with France; but experience had shown that, when the prospect of private plunder, as in the wars of the Edwards and Henrys, did not arouse the national strength, it was a matter of absolute impossibility to get the house of commons to vote the necessary supplies for any time together. No necessity, however urgent, no danger, however pressing—no claims of justice, no considerations of expedience, no regard for their children, no consideration for themselves, could induce the English of those days to vote anything like an adequate amount of taxes. As this was the state of matters in this country at the time when the whole resources of the neighboring kingdoms were fully drawn forth by despotic power, and Louis XIV. had two hundred thousand gallant soldiers under arms, and sixty sail of the line afloat, it is evident that, unless some method of conquering this reluctance had been devised, England must speedily have been conquered and partitioned, or have sunk into the rank of a third-rate power like Sweden. But William III., before the Protestant zeal cooled, and the old love of money returned, provided a new and all-powerful agent to combat it. He founded the national debt! He and Anne raised it, between 1688 and 1708, from £661,000 to £54,000,000. He tripled the revenue, and gave so much of it to the house of commons that they cordially agreed to the tripling. He spent largely; he corrupted still more largely. He no longer attacked in front the battery; he turned it, got into the redoubt by the gorge, and directed its guns upon the enemy. He made the national interests in support of taxation more powerful than those operating to resist it. Thence the subsequent greatness and glory of England—for by no other possible method could the impatience of taxation, so strongly rooted in the nation, have been overcome, or the national armaments have been placed on the footing rendered necessary, either for securing the national defence, or asserting the national honor.

The whole whig ministers, from the revolution to 1762, when they were dispossessed of power by George III. and Lord Bute, acted on this system of government by influence and corruption. Mr. Macaulay's ample acquaintance with the memoirs, published and unpublished, of that period, will doubtless enable him to give numerous anecdotes on the subject, as true and as amusing as Marlborough's leaping from Lady Castlemaine's window, or James II.'s thralldom to Catherine Sedley. The memoirs on the subject that have recently come out, give details of corruption so barefaced and gross that they would exceed belief, if their frequency, and the testimony to their authenticity from different quarters, did not defy disbelief. It is now known that, when Sir Robert Walpole's parliamentary supporters were

invited to his ministerial dinner, each of them found a £500 note under his napkin.

We do not blame the whigs for this wholesale system of influence and corruption, which pervaded every class of society, and regulated the disposal of every office, from the humblest exciseman to the prime minister. There was no other way of doing. But for it, government would, a century and a half ago, have been brought to a stand, and the nation defeated and subjugated. We are no supporters of corruption, or the influence of money, if higher and nobler principles of action can be brought into play, and rejoice that it has now for nearly a century been exchanged for the less offensive and demoralizing, but not less effectual, system of influence and patronage. But though much higher motives are sometimes most powerful on extraordinary occasions, all experience proves that, at ordinary times, and in the long run, it is in vain to attempt to combat one interest but by another interest. If any man doubts it, let him try to persuade the free-trade audiences at Manchester to agree to a duty on cotton goods to uphold the navy, or the Irish in Ulster to agree to a rate to save their countrymen in Connaught from dying of famine, or the Scotch lairds to agree to a tax for a rural police to save themselves from robbery and murder. We should rejoice if men, as a body, could be brought to act only from pure and honorable motives; but, taking them as they are, we are thankful for any system which brings the selfish motives round to the side of patriotism, and causes parliamentary influence to save us from the Russian knout or French requisitions.

One of the most interesting and original parts of Mr. Macaulay's work is the account he has given, in the first volume, of the manners and customs, habits of the people, and state of society in England, prior to the revolution, compared with what now exists. In doing so he has only exemplified what, in his admirable essay on history in the *Edinburgh Review*, he has described as a leading object in that species of composition; and it must be confessed that his example tends greatly to show the truth of his precept. This part of his work is learned, laborious, elaborate, and in the highest degree amusing. It is also in many respects, and in no ordinary degree, instructive. But it has the same fault as the other parts of his work—it is *one-sided*. It exhibits, in the highest degree, the skill of the pleader, the brilliancy of the painter, the power of the rhetorician; but it does not equally exhibit the reflection of the sage, or the impartiality of the judge. It savors too much of a brilliant party essay in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Macaulay's object is to *write up* the present times, and *write down* the past; and we fully admit he has done so with the greatest ability. But we are thoroughly convinced his picture, how graphic soever, is in great part deceptive. It tells the truth, but not the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It represents the ludicrous and extreme features of society as its real and average characteristics; it bears,

we are convinced, the same relation in many respects, to the real aspect of times of which it treats, which the burlesques of Mrs. Trollope do to the actual and entire features of Transatlantic society. These burlesques are very amusing; they furnish diverting drawing-room reading; but would a subsequent historian be justified in assuming them as the text-work of a grave and serious description of America in the nineteenth century? We have no doubt Mr. Macaulay could produce an authority from a comedy, a tract, or a satire, for every fact he advances; but we have just as little doubt that hundreds of other facts, equally authentic and true, might be adduced of an opposite tendency, of which he says nothing; and therefore his charge to the jury, how able soever, is all on one side.

His object is to show that, in *every* respect, the present age is incomparably happier and more virtuous than those which have preceded it—a doctrine which has descended to him, in common with the whole liberal party of the world, from the visions of Rousseau. We, who have a firm belief in human corruption, alike from revelation and experience, believe such visions to be a perfect chimera, and that, after a certain period of efflorescence, decay and degradation are as inevitable to societies as individual men. There can be no doubt that, in many respects, Mr. Macaulay is right. The present age is far richer, more refined, and more luxurious than any which has preceded it. In a material view, the higher and middle classes enjoy advantages, and are habituated to comforts, unknown in any former age. The chances of life have increased over the whole population twenty-five, in the higher classes at least forty per cent. Humanity has made a most cheering progress; the barbarity of former days is not only unknown, but seems inconceivable. A British tradesman is better clothed, fed, and lodged than a Plantagenet baron. So far all is true; but *audi alteram partem*. Are we equally disinterested, magnanimous, and brave, with the nations or ages which have preceded us? Are the generous affections equally victorious over the selfish? Are the love of gain, the thirst for pleasure, the passion for enjoyment, such very weak passions amongst us, that they could be readily supplanted by the ardor of patriotism, the self-denial of virtue, the heroism of duty? Would modern England have engaged in a crusade for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre? Would the merchants of London set fire to their stock-exchange and capital, as those of Numantia or Saguntum did, to save it from the spoiler? Will Free-trade Hall ever overflow with patriotic gifts, as the Bourse at Moscow did in 1812? We have laid out a hundred and fifty millions on railways, in the hope of getting a good dividend in this world; would we lay out one million in building another York Cathedral, or endowing another Greenwich hospital? Have we no experience of an age

When wealth accumulates and men decay?

These are the questions an impartial judge will ask himself after reading Mr. Macaulay's brilliant diatribe on the past in his first volume.

He tells us that the country gentlemen, before the revolution were mere ignorant country bumpkins, few of whom could read or write, and who, when they for once in their lives came up to London, went staring about on Holborn or Ludgate Hill, till a spout of water from some impending roof fell into their mouths, while a thief was fumbling in their pockets, or a painted denizen from some of the neighboring purlieus decoyed him into her bower. Be it so. It was these country bumpkins who gained the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, and Flodden; they built York cathedral and St. Paul's; their sons gained the victories of Sluys and La Hogue, of Ramilies and of Blenheim; they were ennobled by the devotion and sufferings of the cavaliers. We hope their well-fed, long-lived and luxurious descendants would rise from their beds of down to do the same. He tells us the clergy of the age of Charles II. were almost all drawn from the very humblest classes, that their education was very imperfect, and that they occupied so low a place in society that no lady's maid, who had hopes of the steward, would look at them; and that they were often glad to take up with a damsel whose character had been blown upon by the young squire. Be it so: that age produced the Clarkes and the Cudworths, the Barrows and the Tillotsons, the Taylors and the Newtons, the Halls and the Hookers of the Church of England; and their efforts stemmed the torrent of licentiousness which, in reaction against the cant of the Covenanters, deluged the country on the accession of Charles II. The schools and colleges in which they were bred had produced Milton and Spencer, Shakspeare and Bacon, John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton. We hope that the labors of their "honorable and reverend" successors, who have been so highly educated at Oxford and Cambridge, may be equally successful in eradicating the prevailing vices of the present age, and that, after the lapse of a century and a half, their works will occupy as high a place in general estimation.

To illustrate our meaning, we shall extract two paragraphs from a manuscript work on Contemporary History, which recently passed through our hands, and ask Mr. Macaulay himself whether he can gainsay any fact it advances, and yet whether he will admit the justice of the picture which it draws.

The British empire, from 1815 to 1848, exhibited the most extraordinary social and political features that the world had ever seen. No former period had presented so complete a commentary on the maxim "extremes meet." It immediately succeeded the termination of a desperate and costly war, in the course of which the most herculean efforts for the national defence and the interests of the empire had been made; and it witnessed the abandonment of them all. Twenty years of desperate hostility had bequeathed to it untouched a sinking fund of fifteen millions annually; thirty-five

years of unbroken peace saw that sinking-fund extinguished. Protection to industry—support of the colonies—upholding of the navy, had been the watch-words of the nation during the war. Free trade, disregard of the colonies, cheap freights became the ruling maxims during the peace which it had purchased. The only intelligible principle of action in the people seemed to be to change everything, and undo all that had been done. The different classes of society, during this divergence, became as far separated in station and condition as in opinion. The rich were every day growing richer, the poor poorer. The wealth of London, and of a few great houses in the country, exceeded all that the imagination of the East had conceived in the *Arabian Nights*; the misery of Ireland, and of the manufacturing towns, outstripped all that the imagination of Dante had figured of the terrible. The first daily exhibited, during the season, all the marvels of Aladdin's palace; the last, at the same period, presented all the horrors of Ugolino's prison. Undeniable statistics proved the reality and the universality of this extraordinary state of things, which had become so common as to cease to attract attention. The income-tax returns established the existence of £200,000,000 annual income above £150, in Great Britain alone, by far the greater part of which was the produce of realized wealth; while the poor-law returns exhibited, in the two islands, four millions of paupers, or a full seventh of the population subsisting on public charity. The burden of the poor-rates in the two islands rose, before the close of the period, to £8,000,000 a year, besides £1,300,000 for county rates. Population had increased fast, but crime far faster; it had, during forty years, advanced *ten times* as fast as the numbers of the people. General distress prevailed during the period among the working classes, interrupted only by occasional and deceptive gleams of sunshine. So acute did it become in 1847 that a noble grant of £10,000,000 from the British Parliament alone prevented two millions of Irish dying of famine; as it was, 250,000 in that single year perished from starvation, and as many, in that year and the next, were driven into exile from the United Kingdom. The people in Liverpool returned thanks to God when the inundation of Irish paupers sank to 2000 a week. Glasgow, for two years, suffered under an infliction of above a thousand weekly, which in that short time raised its poor-rates from £20,000 to £200,000 a year. During this protracted period of suffering, the feelings of the different classes of society became as much alienated as their interests had been. Rebellion broke out in Ireland; the West Indies were ruined, and the chartists numbered their millions in England. The treasury shared in the general distress. It had become impossible to raise funds from the nation adequate to its necessary expenses; and, at length, so pressing did the clamor for a reduction of taxation become, that it was seriously proposed, and loudly approved by a large and influential portion of the community, to sell our ships of war, disband our troops, and surrender ourselves unarmed to the tender mercies of the adjoining nations, when war with unwonted fierceness was raging both on the continent of Europe and in our eastern dominions.

Nor was the aspect of society more satisfactory in its social condition—the manners of the higher, or the habits of the lower orders. Intoxication, seemingly purposely encouraged by government by a large reduction of the duties on spirits, spread

the most frightful demoralization through our great towns. Licentiousness spread to an unparalleled extent in the metropolis, and all the principal towns; and the amount of female corruption on the streets, and at the theatres, exceeded anything ever witnessed since the days of Messalina or Theodora. The drama was ruined; it was supplanted, as always occurs in the decay of nations, by the melodrama; the theatre by the amphitheatre. Drury Lane was turned into an arena for wild beasts, Covent Garden into an Italian opera. The magnificent attractions of the opera exceeded anything ever witnessed before; the warmth of its scenes, and the liberal display of the charms of the *danseuses*, did not prevent it from being nightly crowded by the whole rank and fashion of the metropolis. A universal thirst for gain or excitement had seized the nation. No danger, however great, no immorality, however crying, was able to stop them, when there was the prospect of a good dividend. At one period, a hundred and fifty millions were wasted in loans to "healthy young republics," as the foreign secretary himself admitted in Parliament; at another a still larger sum was laid out on domestic railways, not one half of which could ever produce anything. Three guineas a night were habitually given for a single stall-seat at the opera to hear a Swedish singer, during the railway mania; but then the occupant was indifferent—he put it down to the railway, and came there, reeling from the champagne and hock drank at a neighboring hotel, at its expense. Most of these railways were mere bubbles, never meant to go on; when the fortunate projectors had got the shares landed at a premium in the hands of the widow and the orphan, they let it go to the bottom. There was a great talk about religion, but the talkers were not always exclusively set on things above. Fine ladies sometimes asked a sly question on coming out of their third service on Sunday, or their second on Friday, what was the price of Great Westerns, or whether the broad or the narrow gauge was likely to carry the day. The reading of men was chiefly confined to the newspapers; of women to novels, or occasional morsels of scandal from scandalous trials. There was great talk about the necessity of keeping up the tone of public morality; but it was appearances, not realities, which were chiefly aimed at. "Not to leave undone, but to keep unknown," was the maxim of the London, as it had been of the Venetian, dames; the delinquents who were punished were chastised, like the Spartan youths, not for what they had done, but for what they had let be discovered. So capricious was public opinion in this particular, in the very highest circles, that it was stated by the most popular author of the day, in the *Edinburgh Review*, that the English women awakened every seven years, and massacred some unfortunate detected delinquent; they then fell asleep, satisfied with the sacrifice to propriety, for seven years, when they slaughtered another, and again sunk into a third septennial torpor. Meanwhile the morals of the manufacturing districts were daily getting worse; millions existed there who did not attend divine service on Sunday; hundreds of thousands who had never been in a church; thousands who had never heard the name of Jesus but in an oath. A hideous mass of heathen profligacy had arisen in the heart of a Christian land. From it thousands of both sexes were annually sent up to the metropolis to feed its insatiable passions,

or sacrifice their souls and bodies on the altar of Moloch.

So far our unpublished manuscript. Mr. Macaulay is too well acquainted with passing events not to know that every word in the preceding picture is true, and too candid not to admit that all these observations are just. But he knows there is something to be said on the other side. He is familiar with a counter set of facts; and he could in half-an-hour write two paragraphs on the state of the country, during the same period, equally true and striking, which would leave on the mind of the reader an impression of a directly opposite character. Where is the truth to be found between such opposite statements, both true in regard to the same period? In the *combination of both*, and an impartial summing up by the historian of the inferences deducible from *both sets of facts*, equally clearly and forcibly given. It is this statement of the facts on both sides which, amidst all our admiration for his genius, we often desiderate in Mr. Macaulay; and nothing but the adoption of it, and taking his seat on the *bench instead of the bar of history*, is required to render his noble work as weighty as it is able, and as influential in forming the opinion of future ages, as it unquestionably will be in interesting the present.

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

A fig for the "good old times,"
Of which some love to sing;
A fig for the dogg'el rhymes
From grumblers' brains that spring.

In these "good old times," say they,
"Men were as men should be;
They fared on the best each day,
And lived right jollily!

"Starvation was then unknown—
Taxation but a name;
Now 'neath the latter men groan,
For thence the former came."

A plague on your "good old times!"—
Ye drivelling dotards, cease!—
Say, what but their splendid crimes
Now rob us of our fleece!

We're shorn to the very skin,
While still the debt remains;
And, like some national sin,
The nation's life it drains.

Though many fared well each day,
The millions were oppress'd;—
'Tis a crowning lie to say,
The people then were bless'd.

And never again, let's pray,
May might alone be right;
The sun of a better day
Now sheds its glorious light!

Then a fig for the "good old times,"
Of which some love to sing:
And a fig for the dogg'el rhymes
From grumblers' brains that spring.

Tait's Magazine.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

LIZZY WILSON; OR, THE GOVERNESS' CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

LIZZY WILSON was a friend of mine, an intimate friend, so that the reader may rely upon the truth of the following story about a certain Christmas Holiday which we enjoyed many years ago.

At that time Miss Wilson was what girls of seventeen call "*quite old*;"—she was seven-and-twenty. She was what dashing and fashionable people call "*plain*," and "*dowdy*," for she had no pretensions to beauty of person or elegance of attire. She was what her own family and friends considered "a nice-looking, amiable girl," and "a very clever creature;" she was what those who only knew her as "the governess" called "a worthy, excellent young woman," "well-bred and highly accomplished."—With the former she was always "Lizzy;"—with the latter she was, of course, always "Miss Wilson." To those who know "what's in a name," it will be quite clear that "Lizzy" and "Miss Wilson" were two very different beings.

My heroine was, in short, nothing uncommon, and not at all heroic, in the general acceptation of the term; but if Ulysses owed part of his reputation as a hero to his being "a much-enduring man," then Lizzy Wilson ought, in common justice, to be considered as a little of a heroine; for she was a governess; and who that knows anything of the matter will deny that she must have been a much-enduring woman?

Miss Wilson's father, a country clergyman, died when she was eighteen, leaving a widow with four children, of whom Lizzy was the eldest. I shall not relate the struggles with poverty and grief which then made up her mother's life. Lizzy and Tom (two years younger than Lizzy) soon became of real use to her. After their father's death, Tom was taken as a clerk by an Edinburgh bookseller, in whose house he continued with an annually increasing salary, and Lizzy went out to try her fortune in the world as a governess.

At first it was a sad trial to her, but now custom had given it a property of easiness. She had lived in various families—aristocratic, *parvenue*, and those that were neither the one nor the other. She had learned much of human nature. She found out, not from books but from actual experience, that high natures, true, noble natures, are very rare among men, whatever professors of a general admiration of humanity may say;—that weakness and meanness of nature are very common; that most persons are a very unsatisfactory mixture of good, bad, and indifferent—the indifferent composing two thirds of the individual. Poor Lizzy! she had to pay the penalty exacted from all those who go forth into the world expecting to find there a race of demi-gods. She had to pass through many stages of mental existence. At one time God and hope seemed gone from her;—she groped painfully in sadness and darkness, and there was no blue sky over her. At last, light

came to her once more; she saw the face of the Eternal, and learned that indeed all things which he has made are very good; that if she was disappointed in her expectations of man's excellence—of life's felicity—the fault was neither in man, (whom God did not create after her desires, but after his wisdom,) nor in this life, which was not intended by God to be a state of felicity at all, but rather for her a sort of fiery furnace, whence she now trusted to come forth in due time purer, brighter, stronger, and fitted for a noble use hereafter. In this frame of mind she worked steadily in her humble sphere, and strove to subdue the evil she felt within, and to withstand, as well as she could, the evil from without. It was well for Lizzy that she had to work for others, and had little time to think about herself, or she might have been ruined by morbid introspection.

Miss Wilson had been for two years a governess in the family of Mr. Gould, the banker, at the time of which I am about to speak. During these two years she had not seen her mother, nor George, nor little Nancy. The only beloved family face that she had seen during those two long years was Tom's. He had been in London once, on business for his employer, and came to Grosvenor Square to see Lizzy, and spent the evening with her. That was ten months ago;—and now, at the beginning of December, Miss Wilson sat one evening alone in the school-room at Mr. Gould's house, before-mentioned, in Grosvenor Square. She was tired of teaching, or rather of trying to make children learn, and had her usual *after-school* headache. It was a very cold day, and she sat with her feet on the fender, and leant back in her chair; *i. e.*, she leant back as far as she could lean in a chair with a back as hard and as straight as a poker. She looked for a long time at a little bright fierce flame which kept darting out from a black coal, and it seemed to bring many things to her mind, for the expression of her face varied as she looked. Presently she threw a glance round the room, and thought what a comfort such a room would be this Christmas to her mother, when she gave her usual children's party for little Nancy.

It was a good-sized room, on the second floor of the house; it was very clean, and neatly furnished with plain chairs, tables, and desks. At one end of the room was a piano, at the other was a large old-fashioned book-case; a harp stood by the piano, and a globe on either side of the book-case; good stout curtains, that harmonized in color with the walls and carpet, hung before the windows. Candles stood on a large table in the centre of the room, but they were not yet lighted. On the same table were Lizzy's open desk and several books; on one chair a large doll sat upright; on another lay a ball of string and a top, and a battle-dore was on the floor. On the mantelpiece were a half-hour glass, a large shell, and a small case containing a few half-withered flowers;—these last were all three Miss Wilson's personal property.

Yes! Mrs. Wilson would have been very glad of such a room to set her young visitors dancing in. Lizzy wondered whether Nancy was as pretty as she used to be; and whether George could read well now. She smiled as she remembered the efforts made by both George and herself, to get him to read a page in "Frank" without miscalling a word, when he was twelve years old. Dear George! she did not believe he ever could read so as to amuse himself, and she thought he might work out his life, and a very honorable one too, without learning much from the alphabet. To her mind, George's dulness of the book-learning faculty was amply atoned by the quickness of his perception where his affections were concerned, and the general delicacy of his feelings. Lizzy was very fond of her younger brother, "stupid George."

In the midst of her recollections, the school-room maid came into the room with two letters. "One from my mistress, miss, and one from the post."

When Susan had lighted the candles and was gone, Miss Wilson opened Mrs. Gould's letter with a sort of vague fear that something was wrong. Perhaps she was about to be dismissed. Why! Well, it was silly to sit with the unfolded letter in her hand, speculating on its contents; would it not be better to read it! She read—

MY DEAR MISS WILSON,—As Mr. Gould and myself are going to take all the children with us, for a month's visit to my father in Devonshire; and as the poor things really want a holiday after their late hard work, we have settled that you need not accompany us; and as, I dare say, you will not like to remain here all that time, you can do what you like with yourself for the month; which will be a nice relaxation for you; and I hope you will come back to us stronger than you are now. With many wishes for your enjoyment this Christmas, I am, my dear Miss Wilson,

Yours, very sincerely,

SOPHIA GOULD.

If you could have seen Lizzy's face, when she had read that note, you would have been much puzzled. There was joy in it, but the joy was strongly tempered by indignation, and for a moment her lip was curled in contempt. If you could have read her thought it would have been somewhat like this:—"This woman, whose children I have taught and tended for two years, grants me a month's holiday, as it cannot cost her the slightest inconvenience. Had she spared me when it would have been inconvenient to her, I should have felt grateful, though, God knows, it would have been but bare justice to do so. And I suppose she expects me to be grateful for this. No, no, Mrs. Gould, corrupting to the character as my position is, I am not yet sycophant or hypocrite enough for that!" And she turned to her desk, and wrote the following reply:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am very glad to hear of the projected visit, since it leaves me at liberty to

go to my family, from whom I have been two years absent. Hoping that you, and Mr. Gould, and the children, may enjoy your visit into Devonshire, I am, Madam,

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH WILSON.

Having sent this note to Mrs. Gould, Lizzy took up the letter which had come by the post—it was from her mother. If you had seen Lizzy's face as she opened *that* letter, it would not have puzzled you at all. You would have declared that you had never seen one more tenderly affectionate, or one more capable of being lighted up by a smile. There was no trace of the former indignation and contempt, as soon as she saw the words, "My dearest child." The face became sweeter and brighter as she read on, and was quite joyous when she came to these words, "Tom is coming home for his usual fortnight—could you not ask Mrs. Gould to spare you for that time? I do not think she can refuse you, dear, because she must, I am sure, think highly of you, and you have not had a holiday since you have been with her. I know that it is humiliating to ask this, as a favor, when it should be considered as a right;—but I am anxious about your health, and am almost heart-sick for a kiss from my darling Lizzy."

"My darling Lizzy," murmured the governess, "it would have been worth *asking* Mrs. Gould, for the mere chance of hearing those words again."

When the letter was finished, tears of joy stood in Lizzy's eyes, to think of the reply she should write that night to her mother. She sat with the open letter in her lap, and her feet on the fender, looking down into the fire for more than half an hour, which half hour by the clock was half her life by memory's timepiece.

"A whole month," she mused. "A whole month to live again in the light and love of home!"

To see once more that her mere entrance into a room would brighten all faces and make glad all hearts in it! It was too much happiness, and she almost wished for Mrs. Gould, or any one, to tell it to. A whole month! And Tom—her merry, handsome, high-spirited brother Tom, was to be there for a fortnight. And her thoughts flew home to the little "White Cottage," at Everstead, far away in Warwickshire. She had ceased to think of "the Parsonage" there, as her home; and the "White Cottage," though so very small, was pretty; and her mother had grown to like it, at last. It seemed but yesterday that she stood last in the little parlor, with her bonnet and cloak on, ready to depart. She had been a long time up stairs, putting on the said articles of attire;—not that Lizzy Wilson was much given to anxiety as to how she looked in a bonnet; but it takes a long time to dress, when the eyes are blinded by hot tears, and the hands tremble so much from the endeavor to suppress emotion, that they refuse their poor office of string-tying. It was no wonder that Lizzy was a long time up stairs; or that when, at

last, she came into the little parlor, and spoke in a quick, cheerful voice, they all came crowding round her. Mrs. Wilson took her daughter's two hands, and looked into her half-shut hazel eyes, and strove in vain to keep back the tears from her own. Little Nanny wept aloud, and clasped her sister in her arms. She was only eight years old, and George, who was twelve, tried to comfort her; but he looked at Lizzy as if his heart would break; and he felt as if he could gladly give his right arm to be cut off, if it would make him, at once, old enough to go and earn money instead of Lizzy. Then, poor boy, he remembered how stupid he was—that he could not read the easiest book well; he feared that he should never be able to earn 100*l.* a year, and send seventy out of it to his mother, as Lizzy was going to do;—and George burst into tears. How well she remembered putting her arms round her darling brother and whispering comfort to him as well as she could! Then he took Nancy away, to stand with him at the garden gate, and look out for the Coventry coach, which was to take their sister away, and she remained alone with her mother and listened to her words of affection and advice. At last the coach stopped at the gate, and a general bustle in the little cottage commenced. Nancy flew back again to cling to Lizzy, as she stood in the porch with Mrs. Wilson, who was tying something round her neck, and endeavoring to adjust the old travelling cloak in the best way to keep out the cold, and delivering into her hand a little basket of sandwiches to be eaten on the road. The old servant, Alice, was crying, and contending with George about taking "Miss Lizzy's" boxes down to the gate. George insisted on lugging them thither by himself; he would not let Alice help him;—anything that could be done for Lizzy was an honorable business in the eyes of George, and worth fighting about.

While her mother was "making her comfortable," Lizzy gave a glance at the house opposite. Dr. Merton was *not* at the drawing-room window with his wife, who was watching her neighbor's departure. Her eye stole quickly to the window of the little study; the blind was down there—perhaps he was out; at all events he *might* have stepped over to say "good-bye." However, one thing was clear—Dr. Merton did not trouble himself about her leaving the village. She embraced her mother once more, in silence; and stepping into the garden out of the shadow of the clematis over the porch, she smiled and waved her hand to Mrs. Merton, and ran down to the coach, followed by George and Nancy, who kissed her heedless of the staring of the passengers, and would scarcely let her go at all. She was the only inside passenger. In a moment the "White Cottage," George, Nancy, her mother and old Alice were out of sight, and Lizzy sank back in the coach, a prey to many conflicting feelings. The rapid motion seemed to soothe her, and at length she succeeded in composing her mind; except one secret corner of it, which was full of mournful dissatisfaction. "Can I have forfeited his respect or

esteem? He knows that I forgive him thoroughly, and yet he neither looked from his window nor said 'good-bye.' This ends all. He is too light, too trivial, for me to waste a thought or hope on. Alas! what would my poor father say, if he heard that I thought thus of Felix Merton, whom he used to point out as a model to us all. My father loved him too well. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'"

As Lizzy's lips murmured these last words, the coach suddenly stopped; she opened her eyes listlessly. Some one was tapping on the window outside; she let down the glass, and saw Felix Merton. "One moment, Lizzy. I walked on, out of the village, to wish you good-bye. And I have brought you what you asked for." She took a packet from his hand, but she did not speak. "I am going to London soon, may I call on you there?" asked Dr. Merton.

"No. It is better not to come. Good-bye! I am glad I have seen you once more. Remember my father, Felix; and do your duty bravely. God bless you! now go." So saying, she tried to smile, and putting up the glass once more, she waved her hand to Dr. Merton, who remained immovable till the coach was out of sight; and then he sat down on a bank by the road-side; and it was so long before he returned to Everstead, that his wife was quite angry with him for "taking so long a walk and keeping dinner waiting in this way." And she flung her pretty little person down on an ottoman, in high dudgeon, and, for the first time since they were married, Felix did not kneel down and coax her into good humor, smoothing the raven down of her ringlets till she smiled. Lilla was surprised, and after a time she looked up, and saw that her husband had gone out of the room. Poor Lilla!—Poor Felix! This little circumstance was afterwards related, in a letter to Lizzy, by Lilla herself, who wrote in a great pet about Felix's unfeeling conduct on the occasion. Lizzy wrote a letter in reply calculated to benefit both parties by its sweet-toned strength. During the two years she had been away from home, Lizzy had quite recovered from the remains of her girlish affection for Felix Merton. She was quite glad that he had married Lilla; for she herself felt that she could not respect or love him enough to have been a happy wife; and Lilla absolutely worshipped him, for he was of a higher nature than her own. Sometimes, when a thirst for sympathy over some book or music was strong within her, Lizzy still thought, with a sigh, of Felix Merton. "How he would enjoy this!" And then a sadness came over her, as she felt that there was no one on earth with whom she had so much in common, and yet, she could neither love nor esteem him thoroughly; was this her own fault? was it in the nature of all human things never to *satisfy*? or was it owing to the peculiar nature of *her* mind, that must forever be finding out here a spot and there a blemish?—she was inclined to think that the fault was in herself.

She reflected that she had done her duty as far

as Felix was concerned. Dr. Merton during the first year of her stay with the Goulds had come to town, and somehow or other had got himself introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gould, without breaking through Lizzy's command "not to call on her." He ingratiated himself with the Goulds, as he did with every one; he was so clever, and sensible, and had so prepossessing an exterior. One day, when Lizzy as usual went down with her eldest pupil to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gould, she was astonished to see, among the company assembled in the drawing-room, Dr. Merton. He came up to her, in the remote corner where she seated herself. At first the joy of seeing an old friend, where all was so *friendless* to her, overcame every other feeling. "I am delighted to see you, Felix. How are all at home?" He was pleased with his reception, and replied with affectionate animation. At length she said, "But how came you here?"

"Oh! leave me alone for making my way where I want to go. I never saw these Goulds till the day before yesterday; and I am come to dine with them *en famille* to-day. Of course I took this trouble that I might see you, without calling on you," he added archly. Lizzy was so glad to see him, that she felt no wish to find fault just then. Mr. Gould came up to them; Lizzy liked him. He had always treated her with respect and kindness.

"Ah! Dr. Merton, I perceive you know Miss Wilson; I was about to present you to her, as you are from her part of the country."

"Thank you, but we are natives of the same place, and have known each other ever since we were born," replied Dr. Merton, with a look full of pride and affection at Lizzy.

"Indeed! I suppose, then, you knew that Miss Wilson lived with us?"

"Oh! yes," answered Dr. Merton, as he rose to take Mrs. Gould to dinner.

Miss Wilson fell to Mr. Gould, in the order of going.

"Is Dr. Merton married?" asked the latter of the former.

"Yes."

"Do you know his wife?"

"Perfectly."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"She is a famous beauty; by far the prettiest woman I ever saw!"

Mr. Gould glanced towards his wife, who was considered very handsome, and felt piqued that Miss Wilson had not excepted her, and he said no more.

By some manœuvre of Dr. Merton's, he secured a seat next Lizzy. She was in good spirits, and he went away assuring Mrs. Gould that he had never spent a pleasanter evening. He and Lizzy sang all their old duets together; and Mrs. Gould had "never seen Miss Wilson so easy and animated before."

Again, and again, Dr. Merton dined there. Lizzy saw that although it was safe visiting for her, it was not so for him. She told him not to

come again; and he spoke of her father, and her promised friendship. She begged him earnestly not to come, for Lilla's sake. He bit his lip, and grew pale.

"Will you take from me my only pleasure?"

"Yes! if it be one that gives others pain."

"It does not give you pain; you do not care for me any more, now, Lizzy! I can see that."

"You are mistaken; you have no better friend in the world, and I beg of you for your own sake not to come here where I am not a free agent—where I *must* meet you. I must accompany my pupil to the dinner table, unless I feign illness."

Felix persisted, and Lizzy became angry, and walked away from him. This took place in the drawing-room one evening when several persons were there. Mr. Gould, while pretending to read, had watched this conversation with some interest. He was a man of a keen perception and a kind heart. He could not quite make out matters; but he saw clearly enough that Merton came to the house to see Miss Wilson, and that she was very intimate with him; and he also knew that Merton was a married man. He fancied that Miss Wilson began to be annoyed by these visits; and he was determined to find out the truth, and put a stop to them if it were so. He said nothing to his wife on the matter, for various reasons. She was not a very clear-headed woman, and he might be teased by remarks upon "his interfering with Miss Wilson's affairs;" also, she might get alarmed at the bare idea of having a governess in the house who was an object of interest to a married man—one who had actually contrived to get introduced into her house only that he might see and talk to the governess. And then poor Miss Wilson might be dismissed, which would be a bad thing for her, and, as Mr. Gould knew by experience, a very bad thing for his family. Until Miss Wilson came, his wife had never been able to find a governess to suit her. He had a high respect and esteem for Miss Wilson, from all he had heard and seen of her; and he hoped she might remain to educate his girls. Accordingly, on the very next morning, before he went down to breakfast, he knocked at the door of the school-room, where he knew Miss Wilson was alone.

"Good morning, Miss Wilson; I have a question to ask you."

"Indeed! I will answer it as well as I can."

"Was there any person in our party last night, whom you would rather not meet again here?"

Miss Wilson looked steadily at Mr. Gould for an instant, and being satisfied with her scrutiny, she replied, "Yes, I should be glad if Dr. Merton were not a guest here."

"Thank you, Miss Wilson, I expected this candor from you; I shall not invite Dr. Merton to dinner here any more. You excuse my question, I trust?"

"Certainly. Real kindness I cannot mistake for impertinent curiosity. I am obliged to you for your friendly interest."

"Thank you. Good morning."

After that time Miss Wilson saw no more of Dr. Merton; but she kept up a correspondence with his wife, who was aware of the early attachment between her husband and Lizzy Wilson, "before," as she expressed it, "they knew what was good for them both."

Lizzy sat ruminating over all these things, and many more, in the short half-hour before she sat down to write the following letter to her mother:

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have two good pieces of news to communicate. Guess what they are. As Madame de Sevigné says, "*Je vous la donne en trois—je vous la donne en dix. Jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens!*" Of course, you do. Then you must know that—prepare your mind, make George hold Nancy fast on her chair—you must know that I, your "own darling Lizzy," am coming to spend a month with you! Having digested that properly, listen to the next piece of intelligence. Mr. Gould has given me a presentation to Christ's Hospital for George; and Mrs. Gould says, that she hopes George will often come and see me here. What does George think of *that* for a Christmas-box!

Oh! if you knew how I long to see you all! If you could tell how I shall fidget and chafe, until I am once more in the dear little nut-shell of a home! Mr. and Mrs. Gould are very kind to me. I wish she had a little more feeling and delicacy! But it is useless to find fault with any but one's self. So Tom will be at home when I am there! Shall we not be happy, dear mother? Of course you will not have Nancy's party till I come home. I claim the top for Sir Roger de Coverley with George. Mind, George, you are engaged to me! And Nancy must let me be blind man first.

What you say of the Mertons is very pleasant. I was quite sure Lilla would make him an excellent wife, and that he would find that out in time. No, dearest mother, do not imagine that Felix would have been happier with me. I do not love him, and could not have made him a good wife. It was a girlish error. I never really loved him, except as a brother—just as I love Tom—perhaps a little more, as we had more tastes in common than Tom and I have. You say you never rightly understood how I broke off my engagement. You know, my poor father had set his heart on this match, and so had Felix, until his mother persuaded him that Lilla had fallen in love with him; at a time, too, when he was piqued at my coldness, as he was pleased to call it. He proposed to her one fine morning, and was accepted; and the next day he came over to Coventry, (I was living with the Halls then,) and told me what he had done—swore he was mad the day before, and loved no one but me. I behaved then, as people say, very nobly. I renounced my engagement, refused ever to marry him; and, at last, exacted a promise from him that he would marry Lilla in three months, and would not seek to see me during that time. Upon these conditions I promised him my friendship after his marriage; the alternative being my resolution never to speak to him again. People would call this a noble sacrifice for a person in my condition; because I was convinced *then* that Felix really loved *me* as much as he could love anything in the world. But it was not noble, nor a sacrifice, mother; it was simply the dictate of woman's wounded pride and affection. I was mortified to find that Felix was so weak in nature—the man

whom I thought I loved. I was humbled—nay, I felt insulted by the evidence which he had given of the slight nature of the feeling (which he nicknamed a *passion*) that I had inspired. I have since had many proofs that he cannot *love* in my sense; but that he did love *me* better than he ever loved before or since. Had he done so steadily throughout—but then he would have been different from what he is.

I have never told you all this before; perhaps, because there was some lingering of painful feeling connected with the subject. Now there is none. You will rejoice with me that I did not marry a man I could not always respect, and you will think it better for me to remain an old maid. I long to see Lilla with her baby. What a lovely group they must make, with Felix bending over them! I must take a sketch of them. Tom once had a *penchant* for Lilla, when he was seventeen. Ah! you knew nothing about that; but I did. Tom is not very susceptible, you know; but he is not a person to change very soon. He always was dreadfully obstinate. I verily believe that Tom has not got over his boyish love yet! At least, the recollection of it has hitherto prevented him from forming other fancies. Lilla knew nothing of it. You must remember she was a year or two older; and at eighteen or twenty a girl looks upon a *boy* as a nonentity. But I knew then that Tom was more a man than Lilla was a woman. Lilla is one of those persons who never grow to maturity, and Felix is another. He will never be what I call a *man*. There will always be something childish about them both. Perhaps Tom may find that out now he is five-and-twenty. Good-bye, dearest mother! I shall fill up this side to George.

During the fortnight that elapsed between the writing of the above letter, and the day fixed for the departure of the Gould family from town, Miss Wilson's health and spirits grew gradually better and better, until, on the morning of their journey, (the 21st of December,) the day before her own, she quite forgot the dignity of office, and while she was getting up, poured forth a multitude of little snatches of songs in her very best voice. It was a strange medley of ballads, opera scenas and airs, hymns, scherzas, and comic songs. This was an old habit, contracted long ago, at the parsonage, where her bed-room was between her brother Tom's and her papa's dressing-room, and they used to challenge each other in the morning, taking up each other's song in the style of Venetian gondoliers. There was one peculiarity in Lizzy's singing on these occasions; it seemed equally pleasant to her to sing any kind of song. She would sing "Cease rude Boreas" and "Tom Bowling" with her father, and "Non più audrai" and "Crambamboli" with her brother.

On the 21st of December, as she was dressing, and preparing to pack up her things, before the breakfast bell rang, she sang all these songs and a great many more, to the infinite surprise of the servants, male and female, who were going up and down stairs, and to the amusement of Mrs. Gould, whose room was under hers.

At breakfast, Mr. Gould inquired "who that was that was singing like Lablache, and Grisi, and Braham, ever since it was light?"

Miss Wilson acknowledged that she was the guilty person, and hoped that she had "not disturbed any one by making so much noise."

Mrs. Gould replied: "Disturb! No, indeed! I enjoyed it of all things. I wish you would always sing in that way when you are getting up."

"So she would, mamma," observed Miss Gould, "if she were always going home for a holiday. Miss Wilson always sings when she is pleased, and sometimes when she is vexed."

"Anybody could make Miss Wilson sing," exclaimed Master Gustavus Gould, a youth of fourteen, who had come from school yesterday. "You have only to whistle an air she knows, and she'll soon begin."

"Your whistling, I grant, always makes me sing," replied Miss Wilson.

"Why? Do I whistle so very beautifully?" asked the boy, with a grin.

"No; but you whistle just as one of my brothers used to whistle."

"Is that the brother who is coming to Christ's?" asked Mr. Gould.

"Yes," replied Miss Wilson.

"I think, Gustavus, you must knock up a friendship with Master Wilson, when he comes to town. He is about your age," said Mr. Gould.

"I've no objection, I'm sure! What sort of a fellow is he—eh, Miss Wilson?" asked Gustavus.

"Why, George is backward in book-learning, and forward in most other things."

"That's the right sort for me," cried Gustavus. "Can he ride, and shoot, and swim, and row, and fish?"

"Oh, yes! and drive, and hunt, and mow, and make hay, and sing, and play a little on the piano; and I must not forget that he can play chess well, and is a capital hand at cricket and bagatelle. I believe that is nearly all the list of poor George's accomplishments."

"And a very good list, too, by Jove!" exclaimed the boy. "Tell him I book him for a chum, though we shall not be at the same school."

"I will tell him," said Miss Wilson, with a laugh; and she left the room to help the girls to sort out the music and books they meant to take with them.

At two o'clock on that day the travelling-carriage, with its well-filled imperial, stood at the door of Mr. Gould's house. All the family, and Miss Wilson besides, stood in the hall taking leave of each other, and talking of a merry Christmas and a happy new year. "Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"

"I suppose you do not go till to-morrow, Miss Wilson?" asked Mrs. Gould.

"No; I go by an early coach to-morrow."

"I wish you a pleasant journey."

"Thank you. Good morning!" and Mrs. Gould ran down the steps to the carriage.

As soon as she was left alone, Lizzy Wilson

sat down to make up her accounts, and found that she had just seventeen shillings which she could afford to spend in presents to take home. It was very little; but it would serve to buy a trifle for each. She decided that each person at home would like a book better than most things, except, indeed, old Alice, who would rather have some flannel. This point being settled, she dressed herself to go out and buy what she wanted.

The shops had never looked so tempting before, and, cold as it was, she was as cheerful as a lark in June, as she walked briskly down Oxford-street, lingering now and then, as women love to linger, before some rare display of bonnets, shawls, and ribbons. Lizzy seldom looked at the shops; she never had money to spend on superfluities, and therefore she thought they did not concern her at all. Besides, her mind was never free from a feeling of responsibility when she walked out, for she always had the two eldest girls with her, which circumstance did not tend to make walking out as pleasant as walking should be to improve the health. The girls were nice girls enough to teach or to amuse occasionally. They were well enough in the way of business, but it was fatiguing to Lizzy to associate always with her inferiors in mind. As she used to say, "It is useless to call it *associating*; you do not *associate*, you endeavor to suit your mind and conversation to their capacity, which is more fatiguing by far than giving them a lesson on any subject. It is good for neither party. Young girls ought to have young girls and boys for their companions, and their governesses ought to have men and women for companions, in their hours of relaxation. Both parties would gain incalculably by this arrangement—which, as society is formed in this country, at present, cannot be made. So I must make the best of matters, and walk out every day with Sophia and Grace."

While Lizzy was in a bookseller's shop, choosing the presents for "those at home," she could not help seeing that a gentleman who was seated in the shop, looking over some pamphlets, observed her very attentively. From his appearance, which was that of a gentleman, but one without any pretension to style or fashion, she guessed him to be a clergyman—probably a college fellow, or professor. He watched her, listened to all she said to the shopman, without that air of audacious curiosity which is not uncommon in Londoners on such an occasion. Lizzy felt a little embarrassed for a moment, but somehow she could not be displeased with this stranger. Presently he spoke to the shopman, and asked for a new work—"Carlyle's Translation of Wilhelm Meister"—which had just come out.

This was too much for Lizzy. That book had been the object of her desire for a fortnight, and here was some one actually going to buy it before her face! She turned involuntarily, with a slight smile, towards the stranger—a smile of sympathy with his taste. He saw it, and said, "It is very fine, is it not, madam?"

"It must be; but I have not seen it."

"I thought you looked as if you had read it."

"I dare say I looked as if I should like to read it." And, having said this, Lizzy returned to her purchases, paid for them, and left the shop.

As she walked home, she thought she should like to know that man; and she wondered, with a smile, whether he approved of the way in which she had spent her thirteen shillings. She certainly saw him laugh as she put back a "Geology made Easy," price two shillings, which the shopman particularly recommended for a child of ten years of age, while she chose a little book of Fairy Tales, price half-a-crown, instead. He seemed to watch her so much, that she feared he saw she was contriving to get all she wanted for thirteen shillings, so as to save four for the flannel. However, he had wished her "good morning," and opened the door for her, as reverently as if she had been a duchess, and therefore he thought her want of money no reason why he should fail in the respect which every man owes to a woman. Lizzy liked the stranger, and speculated about him till she reached Grosvenor Square, when she forgot him and everything else but preparations for her journey the next day.

She packed up her two boxes, had them corded and taken down stairs into the hall that evening, and sent to book her place by the Coventry coach, which started at seven o'clock the next morning from an inn in the city. One of the maids promised to call her at half-past-five, and to have a hackney-coach ready at the door for her at a quarter past six; and Lizzy went to bed with that thought of school-children in her heart—"Where shall I be at this time to-morrow!"

Just as she was going to undress, she remembered her parcel of presents;—they were not packed up! That faithless bookseller had never sent them! She rang her bell, and requested Susan to inquire among the servants, whether a parcel had not come from ——'s, the bookseller.

Susan returned with a parcel in her hand, was "very sorry, but it was not her fault. Barnes had taken it in, and forgotten to give it to her."

"Never mind, Susan; I dislike to have small packages, but I dare say I can dispose of this in my basket, without unloading a box."

When Susan was gone, Lizzy wanted to untie the parcel, to see how the books looked out of the shop. Then she smiled at herself for being so childish; and soon she found a very good reason for looking at them—she *must* write all their names in them, of course! She sat down by the fire, and drew the parcel and the inkstand towards her.

Was not the parcel rather large? She had only bought four small books: here must be some mistake. And she proceeded to examine the contents. There were her four books and the receipted bill; but what were those three larger volumes? She took up one, and read, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," another—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," another—"Wilhelm

Meister's Travels." She could not fail to recall the stranger in the shop. Her wit, without being very great, could jump to a solution of the difficulty. That pompous shopman must have made a mistake, and put up the gentleman's books in her parcel. Poor man! perhaps he was wondering at that moment why they had not come. They must be sent back to the shop directly. She rose to ring the bell, and as she did so, a note, which had probably slipped from one of the books into her lap, fell on the floor. It was addressed to "Miss Wilson;" the contents were as follows:—

MADAM—Will you accept this book from one who has more money than he can spend for his own wants? We shall probably never meet again; but that is no reason why you should not retain, in this book, a pleasing memento of a stranger. Let me have the satisfaction of knowing that I have afforded one of the highest intellectual pleasures to one who can, I am sure, appreciate it.

I am, madam, yours respectfully,

E. M.

P. S.—I am unknown to your bookseller.

Lizzy was very much pleased. Some ladies would have been too proud to accept a present from a stranger, and would have sent back the books to the shop. Lizzy was much too high-minded, too full of genuine heart-delicacy, to be guilty of an act of such mean pride: she quietly and gladly accepted any testimony of honest, disinterested, kind feeling—she always appreciated it, whether shown to others or to herself. She smiled as she thought how much she, in a similar position to this man, should have enjoyed doing such a thing herself. How often she had desired to buy books and toys for strange children, whose wishes (like her own that day in the bookseller's shop) were larger than their finances. "Yes, my unknown friend! I will accept the present; and I am glad there are people in the world able as well as willing to do such things." She felt inclined to write and tell him so, but she remembered that she did not know his name, nor did the bookseller.

"Better so," she thought; "it will always be a pleasant little affair. How it will puzzle mamma! Tom will make a capital story of it." Then, again, she thought she "would not tell any one but her mother of it; because Tom might tease her, and say things which she did not like on the subject. Tom could never see the matter in its true light—no *worldly-wise* person ever could." Instead of going to bed early, she sat up an hour beyond her usual time, reading the new book.

"Indeed, this is the most valuable Christmas present I ever had," she thought. She forgot how she had felt seven years ago on receiving Felix Merton's picture; but it was not long before she remembered it; and she thought of that handsome, winning face, and sighed—not for *herself*. In another moment she was making a comparison between that face and the stranger's! After acknowledging the quiet power of this last to be far

more pleasing to her now than the fine form and wonderful *mobility* of expression in the first, she began to be very grave indeed, and, at last, murmured to herself, "All is well! I should, perhaps, make another mistake more grievous than the first. Yet, *there* is the species of human being to have full faith in, I fancy."

When Lizzy was called in the morning, she awoke from a dream of Marianna and the Puppets. "Mine are gone long since, as well as Wilhelm's," she thought; "but life is not over yet."

When she was dressing by the light of a candle in the cold morning, she felt nothing of the cheerlessness of the outward world; she was going *home*! When she had drunk the cup of coffee which Susan brought her, she wondered how it was that she felt as if her holiday had begun a month ago—that she felt as if going home was an every-day occurrence! Her eye fell on the volume she had been reading the previous night.

"Ah, it was that! Genius always carries us into its own dwelling-place among the gods. '*Highest intellectual enjoyment!*' Yes, my unknown friend! you have given it to me—you and *circumstances* combining. No prying now into the cause of my happiness; let it suffice to me that I am happy."

We mar the brightness of our bliss
By tracing its cause too well.

She hummed this couplet to a tune which came to her mind with the words, and, putting a few articles into a basket she intended to carry in her hand, she ran down stairs, made Susan a present by the way, and was soon in the coach and on her road to the city.

When she reached the Coventry coach, she found the guard very cross, because there were "only two insides booked." The other "inside" was not there when she got in, and she found that he was to be taken up at a house at Highgate. She was glad to have the coach to herself till then, and tucked herself up comfortably in the very same old travelling-cloak which her mother had taken such sorrowful pains to adjust when she last saw her. She could read a little now. She got out her new treasure from the basket, and soon forgot the cold; but I cannot say she forgot the jolting till they were off the stones. Presently the coach stopped. What was the guard opening the door for! "Oh! Highgate! I wish there was not another inside," thought Lizzy; and she turned her eyes with curiosity to the door.

Let me remind you, dear reader, that it was then a matter of importance whom you had as coach companion, on a long journey. You would know *that*, if you had ever felt the tedium and fatigue of such a journey, doubled by being obliged to travel with disagreeable people. Lizzy saw her companion, and was as much astonished as she was pleased, to see—the giver of the book in her hand. He did not observe *her* till he had seated himself. He then recognized her in a moment, though with a look of extreme surprise, and rais-

ing his hat, said, "How very extraordinary!" And they both laughed at the singularity of the chance.

When the stranger saw the book she held in her hand, he became evidently embarrassed. A color came over his cheek. Lizzy thought it would be well for her to speak, though she felt very embarrassed too.

"This book!—I believe I understand the singleness of heart which prompted you to do a kindness not set down in the rules of society. I am obliged to you for your gift, for its own sake and for the manner in which it was given."

When Lizzy had said all these words, she felt that she might have said better ones. It was clear that the person to whom they were addressed did not think so, for he seemed quite relieved by them, and looked so very pleased and thankful that Lizzy could not help looking pleased too.

"I am very fortunate, indeed, Miss Wilson, in meeting you again to-day. I feared that I was a true prophet when I wrote that note yesterday, and that it would never be my lot to meet you again. Allow me to introduce myself to you," and taking out his card case, he gave her a card—she read the words, "The Rev. Ernest Morgan."

They needed no further introduction, and conversed upon many subjects forthwith. Beginning with Goethe and the then rising writer Carlyle, whom Lizzy defended against Mr. Morgan's attacks as well as she could, though she could not deny that there was some truth in his remark, that "Carlyle does not write *English*." His language may be, as you say, a very fine language, and exactly suited to his mind, but I fear that he will not live to a late posterity, because he does not write English—he is not national. An author must be national to live."

"But may not the nation be beginning to lose that quality which you call *nationality*?"

"If so, it is beginning to lose its existence as a nation, I fear."

"How! are we less worthy to be called a nation because we no longer hate the French, and curse the pope?"

Mr. Morgan smiled; "I am not very sure that we are not!"

"But is *nationality* then a thing very much to be desired?" asked Lizzy, rather puzzled.

"For a nation?" inquired Mr. Morgan archly.

"No, no. But may not the present movements of our social system, our newly projected railways, facilities of communication with foreign lands, and improved and more generally diffused education—will not all these things, in time, give us something better than our narrow nationality?"

"Time will show. I hope that it may be so as fervently as you do—as any one can do, but I am somewhat of a chemist, and I know that untried combinations are not without danger of destruction to the experimenter."

"But you may make your experiments carefully, and with knowledge and precaution."

"True. I will not seek to promulgate my fears

on this subject, about which one ought to be hopeful, if possible."

They talked of things in general, and Mr. Morgan asked no questions about his companion's history or destination. She had said that she was "going almost as far as Coventry." He was determined to know her and her family; he had already made up his mind to do *that*, so he would not interrupt their pleasant conversation by questions she might think impertinent.

When they seated themselves again in the coach, after dinner, and Lizzy had accepted the use of Mr. Morgan's large travelling cloak, which he declared he did not want, she felt very warm and comfortable, and rather disposed to lean back and say nothing, but she hoped Mr. Morgan would talk. She liked his voice, and admired his mind, it was so strong and well organized.

Mr. Morgan began—"As you know the country about Coventry, Miss Wilson, perhaps you can tell me something of the place I am going to—a village called Everstead."

Lizzy sat upright again with astonishment—"Everstead! That is the place to which I am going. It is my native place. I can tell you all about Everstead."

It was now Mr. Morgan's turn to look surprised. "Is it possible!—yes! it must be so. The commonness of the name prevented my seeing it before. You are *Lizzy Wilson*."

"I am," said Lizzy; "how do you know me?"

"Oh! I used to hear of you years ago; Merton"—and Mr. Morgan hesitated, and became silent.

It was nearly dark, and he was glad of that, for his companion's sake. He began to say something about the strangeness of their meeting yesterday in a shop in London, and to-day in the Coventry coach.

Lizzy, to his surprise, asked in a very cheerful voice, if he were "going to stay with Felix Merton and his wife?" Mr. Morgan did not reply immediately, but muttered to himself the word "strange," and then said aloud, "Yes, I have accepted Merton's kind invitation to stay with him while my house is being prepared."

"Your house!—Oh! I remember. The Grange was to be let a short time ago. So you are going to live at the Grange?"

"No, I am not going to live there. My future home will be the house in which you were born. I am the new incumbent of Everstead."

Lizzy said nothing;—every fresh sentence seemed to bring forth a surprise. She sank back again, and thought of the happy days she had spent in that house. Her father was incumbent of Everstead then. Here was another stranger about to take possession of her home, the old parsonage! Her thoughts went far back into her younger years.

And what was Mr. Morgan thinking about? asks the reader. I will look into his mind, and tell you. First he thought, "What a blockhead

I was, to tell her that I am going to install myself triumphantly in her father's house. I might have left *that* for somebody else to tell." Then he, too, began to wander in the land of memory. Of his travels, and the men and women he had known; of his childhood and his college life, he thought, and of one thing more than all: of a lovely girl, bright as the dawn, who had been the idol of his boyhood, who had—*yes*, she *had* encouraged his hopes till he believed them secure, and when, with his father's permission, he hastened to assure her of his love, she told him that she "was quite surprised"—that "he had no interest in her heart." He had since learned that her heart was not so great a prize as he had dreamed. It was corrupted by the flattery paid to her beauty: she deceived several as she had deceived him, yet he could not—even now that she was married—he could not bear to think that she was worse than light and thoughtless. He was going to see her after four years' absence. He did not love her now, but he wished to see how she conducted herself as a wife, and he almost dreaded the effect which her wonderful beauty would have again on him.

Presently Lizzy moved forward to see if she could discern where the coach was. Mr. Morgan then ventured to ask, "Do you know *Mrs. Merton*?"

"Oh, yes!—do you?"

"I used to know Lilla Manners. I have not seen her since her marriage. Is she altered much?" he added, after a pause.

"I have not seen her for more than two years, but I am sure that she is as beautiful as ever. I never saw a living face so perfect."

"Nor I. Do you know her well?"

"Very well. I believe I am her only correspondent. She told me in her last letter that the new vicar was an old friend of her husband's. She did not say she had known you. I am surprised that I never heard her talk of you, for Lilla used to talk of almost everybody she had ever known."

"Oh! a great beauty like *Mrs. Merton* cannot remember all the young men that she has known in the course of her life. I was a *very* young man when I knew her."

Lizzy noticed the sarcastic tone in which this was said, and she wished she could have seen the speaker's face. Each remained silent again, while the coach moved on swiftly. The few words they had exchanged gave a new direction to the thoughts of each.

The course of Lizzy's thoughts was thus: No man speaks bitterly of a young and very beautiful woman unless he has, or thinks that he has, special cause for doing so—unless she has slighted his love. Can *he* be the person of whom Lilla once spoke when I reproved her for her coquetry, and said she would not be warned until she had broken some heart finer and better than her own. I remember her words well; they were more full of feeling than any I have heard her utter: "*Lizzy*, I fear I have already broken one heart,

and I am *not* warned. I have the power of breaking hearts, and *you* have the power of healing them." Tom and Mr. Morgan!—How different!—Yet both were attracted by the same thing in Lilla!—Such is beauty!

Such a mistress of the world.

Either would, I think, have laid down his life for her, and she lays down the love of many, perhaps as sincere, to marry one who cannot love well. And is it not better as it is? Tom, even, easy as his nature is, would not have been happy with Lilla. She is too childish! Mr. Morgan, would he have been happy? Love would have made him blind, while he remained a very young man. I do not suppose he is much more than thirty *now*, and were Lilla his wife, I am sure he could not respect her. Felix can be happy enough without thinking about respect for his wife. But Lilla is *not* Mr. Morgan's wife. He has not seen her for four years. She is still as beautiful as ever. She may be dangerous to Mr. Morgan, or he to her. They are about to live in the unrestrained intimacy of village life. But Lilla loves Felix better than all the world, and she is a mother—two safeguards against levity. He ought to know that she is a mother.

"Has Mrs. Merton any children?" asked Mr. Morgan at this moment.

"Yes, she has a baby now—her first child. I was thinking of it at that moment. But I really believe I must have been asleep, for I am sure we are coming into Everstead now," and she looked out of the window steadily for a few minutes. "Yes! yes! we are passing the Grange now."

"You must be fatigued. It is nearly eight o'clock, I fancy. You must be glad that your journey is ended."

"I am not much tired."

"I have to thank you for one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made."

"Do you really go on to Coventry to-night? You had better stay at Everstead. The Mertons will be glad to see you."

"I have a great inclination to do so; but I have business of importance at Coventry, and I shall not be able to make my appearance in Everstead till late on Saturday. I begin my duty here on Sunday."

The coach now stopped at the "White Cottage." "This is my home!"

Mr. Morgan let down the window, and beheld a little group that touched him to the heart. The lamps of the coach threw a light on it. An old working man held a lantern up, while he supported his wife, Alice, the old servant, who had insisted on going out with the rest when the coach stopped: "It was a matter of two years since she had seen the blessed child." There stood old Alice, with her red cloak over her head, and old John with the lantern; and before them were Mrs. Wilson and her two youngest children. Nancy and George flew to the coach window.

"O Lizzy! Lizzy! are you there?"

Lizzy felt tears of joy impeding utterance; and it was a stranger's voice that replied—

"Yes! she is here, quite safe and well."

George wrenched open the door, and Lizzy sprang out, in spite of the folds of Mr. Morgan's cloak, and stood by her mother's side, with Nancy and George pressing close to her. She recollected her minor duties in a moment, paid her fare, and returned his cloak to Mr. Morgan, who had alighted to wish her "good-bye."

"Good-bye, then, till Sunday, when we shall see you again," and she gave him her hand, for she felt that they were friends already.

As the coach drove on, Mr. Morgan put his head out of the window, and saw the group he had just left going up the garden-walk into the house. Mrs. Wilson, with her arm round Lizzy, Lizzy with one hand on George's shoulder, and Nancy skipping first on one side of them and then on the other, while John and Alice went behind with the light. He saw them go in and shut the door, and then he felt alone.

Now Lizzy stood again in the middle of that little parlor, and her mother took off the old cloak, and she pressed her lips to it.

"Don't waste your kisses on that old thing, mother. Give them all to me. I have been so long without a sweet, sweet kiss from any of you!" and Lizzy folded her mother in her arms and wept for joy. Then she kissed George and Nancy a dozen times, and *would* go into the kitchen to kiss old Alice, before she could consent to "sit down in the easy chair by the fire, and have a cup of tea."

She returned in a few minutes—I should say, *they* returned, for wherever she went all the family went too. She answered all her mother's questions about her health, and the journey, and the Goulds. Lizzy was looking very well, every one thought. George kept his eyes fixed on her, and her mother stopped every minute, in preparing the tea, to turn and stroke Lizzy's hair, or to kiss her cheek as she rested herself in the easy chair.

Nancy had gone away for a moment, and returned with something alive, which she put upon Lizzy's lap, saying, with pride—

"There! Is n't he a beauty? And Lizzy, dearest, you shall have him, if you like."

"What is it, love! Oh, I see! A guinea-pig. What! you have got one at last!"

"Yes! I am so fond of him! he's the sweetest little angel! But I'll give him to *you*."

"I would not deprive you of it for the world. You will take much more care of him than I should, and I can see him all the same."

Nancy saw there was reason in this; but still she *had* wanted to do something very generous, to make a sacrifice, that she might prove how much she loved Lizzy. This guinea-pig was a new treasure, very precious in her eyes; *that* was worthy to be offered to Lizzy. George had told her that Lizzy would not like the smell of a guinea-pig, and could not take it to London with her; but Nancy had nothing so valuable to offer,

and therefore she offered it. Lizzy caressed the little animal and its mistress, and said she would have him for hers all the time she was at home, only Nancy was to feed and take care of him, and to have it back for herself when Lizzy went away. This arrangement made George laugh aloud; but Nancy took the guinea-pig away perfectly satisfied.

George and Nancy sat up till mamma and Lizzy went to bed, which was not till every change in the village had been discussed, and Lizzy had given her little presents, and half unpacked one box to get a drawing which she had done for mamma, and some music she had for George, who was particularly requested by his mother *not* to practise before breakfast to-morrow, as it would disturb Lizzy, who would want to sleep in the morning. Having heard how thin Mr. Elliot was become, and how fat Mrs. Merton's baby was; how tall the Misses Lambert were growing, and how short young Fortescue still was; how many persons were married, and how few had died; what families had quarrelled, and what families had made up quarrels and become friends, since she left, Lizzy was inclined to think village gossip much more interesting than well-bred London talk.

They all went to bed at last. Lizzy and her mother occupied the same room, as of old, and had much more to say when they were alone there. Much about the Mertons, which was, upon the whole, satisfactory. Just as Lizzy was dropping to sleep, her mother said—

"I forgot to ask you who that gentleman was who was in the coach to-night."

"That is our new vicar. I will tell you more about him to-morrow. Good night, dearest mother."

When Lizzy awoke the next morning, her eyes wandered with a sense of perfect happiness over the little bedroom. The latticed window, the old oaken chest of drawers, the funny little recess, where the writing-table stood, and where the miniatures of four chubby children hung against the wall; the old tent-bedstead, with its beautiful and venerable chintz curtains; and the cosy fire-place, where she saw her mother at that moment lighting a fire as gently as a disembodied spirit, for fear of awaking her.

"What! up and dressed, mamma! I wonder I did not hear you!"

"It would have been a greater wonder if you had heard me, for I never saw any one sleep more soundly. How are you, darling!" she added, approaching the bed; "I was afraid to kiss you before."

"Oh, I am so well! so happy! Turn your face round, mother dearest; I want to see it by day-light."

"Not so young as it used to be, eh, Lizzy! But you know I never had any color since we left the parsonage. Now, let me go and attend to the fire, dearest."

"I am afraid you are taking that trouble entirely on my account."

"To be sure I am; I know how miserably cold

this little house must feel after a good substantial well-warmed house in London, where I suppose you can have a fire in every room whenever you like, without being thought very luxuriously inclined."

"Why, yes. The Goulds are very much more sensible, on the subject of fires, than most English people. I cannot understand what it is that makes everybody grudge to have as many fires as are requisite for health, in this country. In the case of people like ourselves, who have scarcely enough to live on, of course every additional fire becomes a consideration. But how many rich people we know who would hesitate about having a fire in every bed-room! They will have three courses and dessert every day—an expense highly injurious to health; and they will starve with cold in their bed-rooms; which, according to my notion, is quite as injurious to health. How many families you see who are never free from coughs, colds, and influenza, all the winter, merely because they all go to bed and get up every day (at the coldest times of the day too) in an atmosphere at or below the freezing point, after leaving a warm bed, or a room in a temperature of 68°."

"You are quite right, child. I think my experience worth something, and it has taught me that an economy (so called) of fire is a great extravagance."

"But how do you manage now? Can you contrive to give everybody a fire, with no servant but Alice?" asked Lizzy.

"In this way:—Alice sleeps in the kitchen and has *her* fire. Nancy sleeps with me; and her former room is arranged as a general dressing-room, where Alice lays the fire the night before. George gets up first, and passes into the dressing-room, lights the fire, manages his own bathing tub—clears away all his things, and knocks at my door to say that he has vacated the dressing-room, as he goes down to practise. And then Nancy and I use it; the old screen serving as a partition between us. I have the fire kept there all day. Nancy has her playthings there, and George sometimes likes to be there. And all work which is not fit for the parlor, I do there. This fire is a very trifling addition to our expense. Coals in these midland counties are much cheaper than in London. We go without pudding twice a week for the sake of the fire. George is facetious on the subject, and calls warming himself by the dressing-room fire 'having a slice of pudding.'"

"How do you like the idea of sending George to Christ's, mother?"

"I am glad that he should be well taught, poor boy! But I dread to send him among several hundred boys. George is not clever;—he may be easily corrupted."

"Nay, mother dearest; I think George is one of the most difficult persons to be corrupted;—perhaps his not being clever is one reason for it. He is very steady in his love of right. I consider George the best of your children; not the brightest, but the best."

A knock was heard at the door of the room.

"Is Lizzy getting up, mamma?—I want to see her."

"Come in, Nancy." And in sprang Nancy with the guinea-pig on her arms.

"Oh! you are half-dressed. I did not like to knock before. If you please, mamma, Alice wants to know if she is to make the coffee yet; and Dr. Merton has sent over a dried salmon and a quantity of marmalade from Scotland."

"Felix has not forgotten your old breakfast fancies, you see," said Mrs. Wilson, laughingly, to Lizzy. "They had a hamper from Scotland yesterday."

"Oh! and please, Lizzy, may George begin to practise now? because he's always teasing Alice and me about the breakfast, if he may not practise."

"Yes, dear, tell George to practise till breakfast time," said Mrs. Wilson, "and tell Alice she may make the coffee, and let us have some of the salmon and the marmalade for breakfast. In a quarter of an hour Lizzy and I will come down; and I hope, dear, we shall find the breakfast table very neat."

Nancy nodded and laughed; and ran off with her guinea-pig.

Not very long after breakfast, Dr. and Mrs. Merton came over to the "White Cottage," and nurse followed with the baby.

Lizzy was in the parlor alone, adorning the room with chrysanthemums and holly, while her mother was busy with Nancy in the kitchen, and George was gone to tell everybody in the village that his "sister was come from London."

She was very glad to see them both. Lilla complimented her upon her improved looks, and she complimented Lilla upon her baby, which was a lovely little thing. Felix was, at first, a little moved at the sight of Lizzy; but she was glad to see that he remembered nothing but the baby and Lilla, when the former was produced for Lizzy's approbation.

"What is its name?" asked Lizzy, after she had examined it attentively for some minutes.

"Lizzy. He would have it christened Lizzy. I was a little jealous," said Lilla, laughing, and arranging the feather of her bonnet before the glass. "Besides, as I told him, it was quite absurd to have it christened Lizzy. It might have been christened Elizabeth, and called Lizzy. But no;—he was quite savage about it, I assure you, and swore that it should be actually christened 'Lizzy,' and it was. He is such an obstinate mule."

"Indeed!—that is something quite new," said Lizzy, with a smile.

"I am going to be obstinate when we have a boy," said Lilla; "his name shall be *Aldebarontaphoscophormio*;—that I am determined upon."

"You may have him christened what you please; I shall call him 'Lilius,'" said Felix, looking at his pretty wife with affection.

"We are going to have some one staying with

us for a few weeks—some one whom you will like, I think, and who is sure to like you," said Lilla;—"a friend of ours—a Mr. Ernest Morgan, who is just appointed to this living."

"Yes, I know. I came down from town in the coach with him yesterday; and we had some conversation. He went on to Coventry."

"Well! what did you think of him?" inquired Lilla, with a scrutinizing look at Lizzy; Felix looked to.

"I think that he must be a very superior man; and very fitted for his position here."

"Yes, but how did you like him?—did you think him handsome?—does he not talk well?" asked Lilla.

"I have seen handsomer men, and men who *talk* better."

"Of course you have," replied Lilla, glancing at her husband. "Then I suppose you do not like him much."

"On the contrary, I already like him very much. I admire his style of mind; and his manners are very good," replied Lizzy.

"Rather too sedate for my taste," said Lilla, shrugging her shoulders.

"Not for mine—but as he is coming here I will see a little more of him, before I give you my opinion."

"I hope Mr. Gould and his family are quite well," &c. &c. And Dr. and Mrs. Merton stayed a long time talking. Mrs. Wilson came in, and presently half the gentry of the place called. The Wilsons were soon engaged to go to some friend's house to dinner, or tea, or a dance, almost every day of the next fortnight. Lizzy declined going out that week. She wished to spend the time at home; she did not want to go out till Tom came. He was to come on Saturday, (Christmas day.) Mrs. Wilson and Lizzy and Tom were to begin their round of gayeties on Monday, when they were to dine at the Mertons' and meet Mr. Morgan; and in the evening there was to be a young party, for Dr. Merton's gratification: he was very fond of children. Nancy and George were invited by him, in person, and were duly delighted.

Lizzy saw Felix take up "*Wilhelm Meister*." He turned over the pages indifferently and laid it down again. "Is that book yours?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"What does that 'oh!' mean?"

"Only that I thought you did not read those equivocal foreign novels."

"Have you read *Wilhelm Meister*?"

"No."

"Then why do you call it *equivocal*?"

"I have heard, from very good authority, that it is so."

"Did you not hear once, upon very good authority, that 'there was once upon a time a giant named Fee-fo-fi-fum,' &c.? Wait till you have read a book written by a great genius, before you speak ill of it. I am reading this book with the

greatest attention, and declare that, as far as I have gone, it is unequivocally the finest union of philosophy and art that I ever read."

"I suppose, Lizzy, now that you read so much French and German, you are getting quite an *esprit-fort*?"

"I used to answer an ill-natured question in kind, Felix. Now, I never answer it at all, if I can avoid doing so," and she walked away to speak to deaf Mrs. Elliot.

Felix was vexed, took up "Wilhelm Meister" again, looked at it for a few minutes, and then told Lilla "they ought to be going." The baby was handed round for everybody to notice again, and the Mertons went away. Soon after, all the other visitors left, and the Wilsons had a delicious evening to themselves.

Saturday came—Christmas day, and the day for Tom to come home! All Everstead (that was not dissenting) always went to church on Christmas morning. The Wilsons went, of course, as Tom was not expected till late, towards the evening. The curate of a neighboring parish did the duty, and the church was full.

Lizzy was always more impressed by the service at Everstead than anywhere else. It brought back every feeling of her childhood, when she used to hear her father's voice from that pulpit. From the window near her pew Mrs. Wilson could see part of the parsonage-house; and she was never more seriously happy, than when she sat with her eyes fixed on the window of what was formerly her husband's study, and listened to the voice of the preacher.

Lizzy thought, that morning, of the many blessings of her life, and of the wisdom which ordereth all things for the best. Her face was almost beautiful as she sat, heedless of all but the words which came from the priest; and the heart-thanksgiving for all that she had enjoyed and suffered in the past, which stirred within her, gave color to her cheek and fire to her eye. She did not observe how full the church was, nor how half the congregation were stealing glances at her—the Miss Lamberts wondering whether the bonnet she wore was in the newest fashion, and Miss Crib, the dress-maker, trying to get a good view of the cut of her black silk mantle. Young Mr. Fortescue, standing on a hassock, that, like Mr. Fudge, he

Might more of men and manners see,

stared very hard at Miss Wilson, that she might be aware he thought she was looking "remarkably well—*really*, quite *pretty*." Old Mr. Elliot looked at her with interest; she was so like her father. Young Ford, the organist, peeped from behind his curtain to look at her, and whispered to his father that "there was some pleasure in playing now that Miss Wilson was in the church, for she knew good music when she heard it." A strange gentleman, who came in late, and sat in a dark corner, also watched Lizzy rather attentively.

Lizzy saw none of these people, till, with her

mother leaning on her arm, she stood still in the churchyard to speak to a crowd of poor folks, who waited for a word from her. They stayed some time there, and the poor people dropped off, one by one. They too were going out with an old couple who had formerly been servants to Mrs. Wilson, when the clergyman came out of the church with a stranger. The latter came up to Mrs. Wilson and her family. It was Mr. Morgan. He walked home with them to their gate, and then crossed the road to Dr. Merton's house.

"I think I shall like the new vicar, mamma," said George.

"I don't think I shall," said Nancy.

"Why not, my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Because he does not seem to like Lizzy at all. He talked all the time to you and George; I don't think he hardly spoke to her. I'm sure I shall not like him as well as poor Mr. Clare."

They waited dinner until a very fashionable hour for Everstead. They waited till half-past six when Tom made his appearance. And what a quantity of luggage that Tom brought with him! it quite filled the little hall, and half filled the parlor.

"My dear boy, what's all this?" said his mother, as Lizzy was untying his shawl, and trying to make out how much of the bright color on his cheek was natural, and how much was the cold air.

"You shall see presently; never mind that now. I want to see you all. There, stand all in a row; Mother, Lizzy, George, Nancy—here, Alice! put that dish down, and come and stand here. There; now I can see you all. Now let me look what alterations have taken place since I saw you last.—Mother, not looking so well; Lizzy, a great deal better; George, taller and more clever; Nancy, taller and more gawky, but she will *do*; Alice, quite blooming. I declare.—Ah! Alice, you will break a few more hearts yet. I must take care of mine!"

Alice laughed, and said he "was the same mad-cap boy as ever; just what he used to be in petticoats. But, sir, the dinner is getting cold."

"As prudent as you are good-looking, Alice! Come, mother dear, do not let me keep you standing any longer."

And they all sat down to table; and I need scarcely say the dinner was enjoyed, and Alice's pudding declared to be perfect. When the dinner things were cleared away, Tom and George set to work to untie one of the hampers, which Tom facetiously told Nancy was a small basket with a little dessert in it. Out came half-a-dozen bottles of Madeira, a drum of figs, all sorts of Scotch preserves and cakes, no end of oranges, and two gigantic boxes of the most wonderful French *bonbons*; besides a large package of the finest Mocha coffee.

"Mother, Mrs. Bond desired me to give you her kind regards, and begs your acceptance of these trifles."

"How very good of Mrs. Bond!" cried his

mother, much pleased by this proof of the remembrance of an early acquaintance.

"Now, George, come along, there's a good fellow! and help me in with those boxes. *Miss Wilson*—that's for you, Lizzy. George, open it for her. *Mrs. Wilson*—that's for you, mother. *Miss Nancy Wilson*, and *Master George Wilson*. Now, where's old John's parcel, and Alice's? Ah! there they are. I must take these into the kitchen." Never were presents more charming, more appropriate, more "just what" the receiver "was most desirous to have."

Mrs. Wilson's box contained a portrait in crayons of Tom, neatly framed;—a present to her from Mr. Bond, his employer, with a letter in high praise of the son of his old friend; who was to have a salary of £300 a year when he returned! I must tell you at once the other things in Mrs. Wilson's box, for she was so long reading that letter over and over again, that the others saw them before she did.—A beautiful piece of black silk for a gown, a small collection of books published during the late year, and a small pair of spectacles. These were all presents from Tom himself.

Lizzy's box contained a valuable selection from the best Italian, German, and French authors, (a present from Mr. Bond,) and some selections from the works of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, and Pergolesi, for the piano and organ. Lizzy could scarcely believe that she had become so rich all at once. George had a flute and a first-rate fishing-rod; Nancy, a beautiful plaid silk frock, and the *Arabian Nights'* Entertainment, with beautiful pictures in it.

After saying all this, my reader knows very well that no people ever spent a happier Christmas night than the Wilsons. He feels sure that they all got very merry after tea; that Tom and Lizzy, and George, sang glees; and that John and Alice came in to listen; and I think, dear reader, you will not be surprised that Tom insisted on finishing the evening with a game of snap-dragon, which Mrs. Wilson agreed to do, on condition that they had it in the kitchen, as it would make a *mess* in the parlor.

The next day was Sunday; and, of course, every soul in the village not bed-ridden or (as I said before) dissenting, went to church, to hear the new vicar preach his first sermon at Everstead. Lizzy Wilson was anxious to hear how he would preach, and when he had pronounced his text her anxiety was over; she felt confident in his power to move his audience. Several times during the sermon she glanced round the church, to see the effect which Mr. Morgan produced; it was clear she was desirous that hers should be the general opinion. She was gratified, after coming out of church, to hear the loud encomiums of the sermon which almost every one uttered.

"How did you like it mother?" asked Tom.

"I have never heard a sermon I liked so well since your poor father preached."

"Lizzy, did you like the sermon?"

"I!—oh yes! I have never heard a better."

"Nor I, except Dr. Chalmer's."

The Mertons came up to them. "Ah, Tom! how are you?"

"Very well; and you, Felix?"

"Very flourishing, as you see."

Then followed general greetings of the others, and presently Felix said to Tom, "Are you inclined to go to Hawley Wood for a walk with me?"

"I shall be very happy;" and the two young men wished the ladies "good morning" for the present, and were soon out of sight.

"Cool!" exclaimed Lilla, laughingly, to Mrs. Wilson, as she took her arm to walk home.

"Just as ever, my dear; I never saw anything like Tom."

It happened that Nancy's bonnet had come untied, and Lizzy was staying to tie it, and George, as usual, stayed where she stayed. Just as the strings were properly adjusted, Mr. Morgan came out of the porch. He saw them.

"Ah! you are there! Good morning! Is not Mrs. Wilson well? I thought I saw her in church."

"She is quite well; she has only walked on with Mrs. Merton."

Mr. Morgan walked beside Lizzy to her home. They walked slowly, and did not say much. Mr. Morgan thought Everstead the prettiest *large* village that he had ever seen. Lizzy was glad of that, for she had always thought it the prettiest she had seen.

"It must give you pain to leave it, Miss Wilson?"

"Oh, do not mention *that*! I am not going to leave it for a month, at least."

"A month! I thought it was only a fortnight."

"Tom only stays a fortnight. You do not know Tom, I think?"

"No; but I hope to be introduced to him soon. How is it that he is not with you now?"

"He and Felix are gone off for a walk after church, just as we used all to do, long ago. Allow me to congratulate you on the very favorable impression your sermon produced on the congregation."

"Favorable, was it? Thank you. I have heard you never flatter any one but your brother George; so I take what you say to me as sober truth."

"It is. But who says I flatter no one but George?"

"Merton. This is your gate, I think?"

"Yes. Will you not come in? I dare say Mrs. Merton is with mamma."

"No, thank you; I preach again this afternoon, and would rather be alone for an hour. But I would not have missed seeing *you* for these few minutes," he added after a pause. "Good morning."

"Missed seeing *you*," repeated Lizzy to herself, as she walked up to the house-door.

"A month! I may make great progress in a

month. Much may be done in a month," thought Mr. Morgan, as he crossed the road to Dr. Merton's house.

The dinner on Monday at the Mertons was very successful. Tom Wilson, having called there in the morning, took Mr. Morgan off with him to pay a round of visits together; by this means they knew each other pretty well before dinner time.

"The new vicar is a first-rate man, Lizzy," said Tom when he came home to dress, "and he has no very great feeling of aversion to Mrs. Merton, I fancy."

Lizzy felt uncomfortable, and could not persuade herself it was all for Mrs. Merton's sake.

"Upon my word, Lizzy, that is a very stylish gown, and very becoming too," said Tom, as he inspected her all round when she was dressed to go to the Mertons. Lizzy smiled as she remembered how different matters were on the first occasion of her wearing that same dress. She had worn it at a party at the Goulds, and no one had turned her round or taken any notice how she looked in it *then*.

Six is a pleasant number for a dinner-party. Not so good as eight, some people think. However, the party of six at the Mertons was esteemed perfect by each individual of the company. Dr. Merton talked to Mrs. Wilson about the baby and their neighbors. Tom talked to Lilla about old times; and thought she was just the same lovely little girl as ever; but he felt nothing but pleasure in this. Tom was *almost* engaged to Miss Bond in Edinburgh, only he kept the fact to himself. Mr. Morgan talked to Lizzy about the village, and the nature of the inhabitants, and the improvements he intended to make, which were nearly all approved by Lizzy. Mr. Morgan thought he was making progress already, and was in high spirits.

When the children were dancing in the evening, and Lizzy and Mr. Morgan had done their share of dancing with them, Mr. Morgan challenged Lizzy to three games of chess. Now he had heard that Lizzy was very fond of chess—and he had also heard, that she had once said it would be impossible for her to sit out three games of chess with a person who was disagreeable to her.

They went into a quiet room adjoining the larger one, and began. I do not know whether Lizzy was unable to sit out the three games, but it is certain that they were a long time in the little room; and when they came out, and were asked which had won, they did not seem to know.

"I can tell, though," said Lilla in a whisper to her husband, "Mr. Morgan has won—Lizzy. Well! for prudent, sedate people, I call that quick work. If anybody had told Lizzy this day week, that she, who thinks herself so very wise and cir-

cumspect, would be engaged to be married to-day to a man she had not then seen, she would have believed it impossible. It's your quiet, wise people, who always do these extraordinary things in love."

"But they may *not* be engaged, Lilla," said Felix, looking at the couple very attentively. Presently he saw an expression on Lizzy's face that was familiar to *him*; he had seen it often, years ago. "Yes, Lilla, you are right; Lizzy loves Morgan," he said gravely.

Felix did not romp with the children after that. Lizzy said she would like to go home with Nancy and George. She "was tired." She "would not disturb her mother," who was talking with Mr. Elliot; and she retired quietly with the children.

Felix and Mr. Morgan both went out of the room to go home with Lizzy.

"Morgan," whispered Felix in a voice of emotion, "let *me* go with her, just this last time." Felix looked very grave and anxious.

"Certainly, if you wish it so much: but you must explain to her *why* I do not go."

"Yes; thank you," and Felix grasped his hand, and ran down stairs after Lizzy.

"Morgan has let me come instead of him just this once," said Felix, as the children ran across the road. "Lizzy, I cannot be mistaken—I congratulate you from my soul. Morgan is the best man I ever knew, and you are the best woman. I am not selfish enough to wish matters otherwise. If you are married and live here, I shall be happy, for you will by your example show me how I ought to live. I love Lilla now, and I feel that she loves me as you never could have done when you knew me well. I am not worthy of you, and Morgan is. God bless you, Lizzy. Will you have your old lover as a friend now?"

"Yes, Felix. We shall both be the happier for being friends instead of husband and wife. Thank you, Felix, for these words. Tell Morgan what has passed. Good-night."

Need I relate all the other external pleasures of Lizzy's month! The reader knows that she had now a source of pleasure *within*, which made all other pleasures poor. She now loved really, and was as happy as her friends thought she deserved to be. She and her mother and Nancy were to live in the parsonage again. At the end of the month she went back to Mrs. Gould to stay until that lady found another governess to suit her, and after that she stayed with her on a visit, while she purchased her wedding dresses; and then her old friend, Mr. Gould, would sometimes venture to banter her about the result of her Christmas Holiday.

From Chambers' Journal.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.*

WHEN I commenced practice as a surgeon, I found that popular notions on medical subjects exercised a considerable influence on the minds of many well-educated people, and to some extent interfered with their ready concurrence in the views of their medical advisers. In some cases I took pains to explain what are considered the more correct and scientific views; but I was not always successful in combating notions which seemed to have the authority of ages, and the suffrages of all mankind in their favor. Thus I had frequently the mortification of finding my explanations received with incredulity and distrust, and at times even with an open denial, when an experienced nurse or aged matron conceived her wisdom to be called in question. At length the idea suggested itself of noting down the common ideas entertained on many of the subjects in question, with a view to inquiring how far they may be deserving of credit. It could not well escape me that many doctrines, which had long been regarded as vulgar errors, have again been received into favor, or have been found to contain the germs of valuable discoveries.

There could not be well a more striking instance of this than the introduction of the vaccine inoculation. Dr. Baron states that whilst Jenner was a young man, engaged in pursuing his professional education at the house of his master at Sodbury, a young countrywoman applied for advice. The subject of the small-pox was casually mentioned in her presence, when she immediately remarked, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had the cow-pox."† Now it was a popular notion in the district that those who had been the subjects of the cow-pox were not liable to the small-pox. The idea, ridiculous as it might seem to superficial thinkers, engaged the attention of Jenner, and he set himself about inquiring into the truth of the matter, and by his persevering and patient inquiries, accomplished the greatest discovery which has perhaps ever benefited mankind.

In one of Jenner's note-books of 1799, he says, "I know no direct allusion to this disease in any ancient writer, yet the following seems not very distantly to bear on it. When the Duchess of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast, (the small-pox at that time raging in London,) she made a reply to this effect, "That she had no fear about the matter; for she had had a disorder which would prevent her from ever catching the small-pox."‡

In 1646, Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "Religio Medici," wrote his work called "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors." In the preface, the author speaks of the difficulties

of the undertaking in a style which is both quaint and amusing. "We hope," says he, "it will not be unconsidered that we find no open track or constant manuduction in this labyrinth; but are oftentimes fain to wander in the *America* and untravelled parts of truth. And therefore we are oftentimes constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliath and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments, drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves." Some of the errors which this grave writer set himself about exploding with so much appearance of erudition, would only make us smile in these days of science and learning. Thus he controverts the absurd idea that a bear licks her cubs into shape, and endeavors to show how it is to be explained "that a man becomes hoarse or dumb if a wolf have the advantage first to eye him."

It seems, however, that Sir Thomas Browne was himself by no means superior to the prejudices of his own day. "It is singular," says one of his biographers, "that notwithstanding his zeal to detect all errors, he seems not very easy to admit new positions; for he never mentions the motion of the earth but with contempt and ridicule, though the opinion which admits it was then growing popular, and was surely plausible, even before it was confirmed as an established truth by later observations."*

Many of the expressions commonly made use of in speaking on medical subjects might be changed with advantage to suit more rational views. Some of them, it is true, are only used metaphorically, and it would not therefore be fair to censure them too rigidly. We hear of the seeds of a disease lurking in the system—of a complaint flying about, and finally settling upon a particular organ; and these phrases, though for the most part used vaguely, have to a certain extent a bias over the thoughts. There can be but little doubt that very many of the vulgar opinions were in reality at one period the established doctrines of the day; for in this, as in many other cases, it has happened that the better-informed part of mankind have forsaken the doctrines they promulgated by the time the people became familiar with them.† It is the same with the fashions of our dress, and the pronunciation and choice of our words, the generality of mankind being of necessity more slow both to adopt and reject particular usages and customs. To a certain extent, therefore, they furnish a sort of salutary drag on the more volatile part of society. Some of the old notions which have already become sufficiently exploded are still embalmed, as it were, in our language and common forms of expression. We speak of a "tender heart" and a "true-hearted friend," as though this organ were the seat of the mind. Then we read in Scripture of "bowels of compassion;" and the words "melancholy choler," and the

* Communicated by Mr. James Bower Harrison, surgeon, of Broughton, near Manchester.

† See Baron's Life of Jenner, vol. i., p. 122.

‡ Op. cit. p. 263.

* Lives of British Physicians, Family Library, p. 72.

† They are the fossil words and phrases which show us the vestiges of decayed opinions.

"spleen," when used for ill-temper, are further examples of words taking their origin in the theories of a former day

Much ingenuity and learning might be displayed in searching out and collecting into a focus the peculiar notions of former times; but this would be a work of considerable extent, and more curious and entertaining than useful. For my part I wish to comment upon the opinions which now actually influence the minds of the public, or give a coloring to their views of disease. Simple as many of them may seem, they are the secret springs which determine the views of people, often in opposition to the dictates of their professional advisers. On this account, therefore, they must be treated with respect—a respect which they deserve from their influence, if not from their justness.

I have purposely, then, brought forward the opinions which I have found to be the most prevalent and the most influential, without any reference to their plausibility or ingenuity, and in preference to the discussion of others which might have admitted of more scope for entertainment or for professional research. On this account I must be excused for speaking of many things which are simple, and perhaps ludicrous and common-place, and also for passing by many subjects which are rich in matter for curiosity and entertainment, as well as the display of such literary industry as might be devoted to them.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the several common errors which have presented themselves to my mind, making on each a few very brief remarks, but such as I imagine may be sufficient, without being tedious.

I am quite aware that there are very many (not to speak of professional readers) to whom all these explanations may be altogether unnecessary, but I am sure I shall have their indulgence if the comments which I make are only acceptable to others. To all, notions which are common must, as such, be of some interest, whatever may be their absurdity, and the remarks made on them may at least serve to connect them together. In the course of this paper, then, I shall have to introduce many commonplaces; but this, it must be remembered, is inseparable from the subject. I may also state that I have purposely chosen to treat the subject in a plain, and somewhat colloquial style; for it seems to me that common ideas are best explained in a familiar manner, and that popular notions are best embodied in the language in which they are usually delivered.

LUNATICS.

There is a common notion that lunatics are influenced by the moon. The term lunatic was no doubt given to insane people from the supposed influence of the moon in producing madness. This opinion is in some degree preserved by the continued employment of the term *lunatic*, as well as by that fondness for the marvellous which is so common to mankind. Even at the present day, people will shake their heads and allude signifi-

cantly to the full of the moon—"Poor Mr. So-and-so," they will say, "is a little off the cock just now—a little wrong in the upper story; but then it is the full of the moon next Thursday." There does not appear to be any real ground for the belief that the moon exercises this baneful influence on the human mind, although it is acknowledged that insane people are usually somewhat more than ordinarily restless at the full of the moon. The celebrated French writer, Esquirol, attributes this to the effect of the increased light, and states that the break of day occasions a similar agitation. "Light," he asserts, "frightens some lunatics, pleases others, but agitates all."*

OF SEASONS.

There is a very common, and very old notion, that what are called *cooling medicines* should be taken at particular periods of the year, especially in the spring. Every practitioner will occasionally be consulted on this subject, and very often a great disposition is shown by medical men to fall in with popular views. Many a poor child has been condemned to a pot of brimstone and treacle merely because it was spring-time. I imagine parents are not always ready to carry out these views in their own cases. Hippocrates advocates such a system in his 47th aphorism, section vi. "If bleeding or purging be requisite," says he, "spring is the most convenient time for either." He repeats the same view in other places. There was a great deal of importance attached to seasons in the treatment of diseases by the old medical authorities; but we find very little on this subject in our best modern works. For my part I don't see why we should take physic unless we are ill. The public have very curious, and, I should think, very ill-defined ideas of cooling physic, and of medicines for purifying the blood. That the ancients set considerable importance on seasons, will appear from the most casual inspection of their works. Thus *Ætius*, in his directions for the cure of the gout, laid down a distinct regimen for each month. "In September, the diet should be wholly milk; in October, garlic must be eaten; in November, bathing is prohibited; in December, cabbage; in January, the patient should take a glass of pure wine every morning; in February, he must not eat beet; in March, he must mix sweets both with his eatables and drinkables; in April, he must refrain from horse-radish; and in May, from the fish called polypus; in June, he must take cold water in the morning; in July, abstinence must be practised; in August, he must not eat mallows."†

HAIR.

That hair turns gray in a single night.

In a popular but able treatise on diseases of the skin (by Erasmus Wilson),‡ this subject is alluded to in the following terms:—"Much less can I give credit to the bleaching of the hair in a single night

* Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, p. 425.

† Hamilton's History of Medicine, vol. i., p. 174.

‡ Wilson on Healthy Skin, p. 94.

or a single week. The first step in the change may have been made in a single night, and on that night week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at their roots; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance. Thus we learn that Marie-Antoinette became gray in a short period, as did the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots." He alludes to the passage in the "Prisoner of Chillon," showing that the error has the weight of poetical authority in its favor:—

My hair is gray, though not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.

After proceeding to relate several amusing cases of this reputed bleaching of the hair, he goes on to speak of another common error with respect to the hair:—"A prevalent belief, strengthened by the opinion of several modern French writers on this subject, is, that the hairs grow after death. It is true that they lengthen, but their lengthening results from the contraction of the skin towards their roots, and not from the continuance of a vital process after the death of the individual. But the older writers outstrip the moderns in invention; for in the 'Philosophical Collections,' Wulferus gives the account of a woman buried at Nuremberg, whose grave being opened forty-three years after her death, there was hair found issuing forth plentifully through the clefts of the coffin, insomuch that there was some reason to imagine the coffin had some time been covered all over with hair. Mr. Arnold gives 'the relation of a man hanged for theft, who in a little time, while yet he hung upon the gallows, had his body strangely covered over with hairs.'"

JAUNDICE.

There is a common saying (I will scarcely venture to call it an opinion) that jaundiced people see things yellow.

How common to hear of the jaundiced eye, as another word for prejudice! it being of course implied that the subject sees through a colored medium. It occasionally does happen that a person having the jaundice sees objects yellow, but this is rather the exception than the rule, and seems to be dependent on some enlarged and tortuous vessel crossing the transparent part of the eye when the vision has been previously impaired by some disease. Dr. Watson mentions this subject in his valuable lectures on the Practice of Physic.† "You are aware," says he, "of the vulgar notion that to a jaundiced eye all things appear yellow. It is an old notion, for we find it expressed by Lucretius—'*Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur arquati.*' Heberden was disposed to regard this as a mere poetical fiction, but certainly it is sometimes, though very rarely indeed, a fact." He goes on to say that he has been assured by a med-

ical man of his own acquaintance that objects appeared colored to him in his own experience of the complaint; also that Dr. Mason Good saw things yellow when he was jaundiced. Dr. Elliotson also relates one or two cases. In 1826 he had a case in St. Thomas' Hospital, where there was a slight opacity of the transparent part of one eye, through which ran two large vessels, and with this eye the patient saw yellow; but with the other eye he saw things of their natural color. In 1827 he had a patient who saw things yellow with both eyes, but he had inflammation of the eyes. In 1831 he had another case. He further mentions that Dr. Pemberton saw this occurrence twice; but sufficient has been said, and the explanation seems to me satisfactory—namely, that in the cases where objects appear yellow, there must exist some inflammation of the cornea, or some opacity with enlarged vessels.

OF CONSTITUTION.

Fortunately people are in general more disposed to consider their constitutional powers good than otherwise, and this in a degree that would indeed be amusing, if it were not for the gravity of the subject. A patient will say to you, "Really, doctor, I have never known what it is to have a moment's entire ease these many years: I must have had an excellent constitution originally; and, do you know, it is my firm opinion that I'm sound yet. If I could only get rid of this cough, I should be quite well." Speeches of this sort are made over and over again by people who have every possible appearance of having the worst constitutions imaginable, and in fact have had every possible evidence themselves of such imperfection of physical power. Some of the most confirmed forms of scrofula show themselves by a succession of slow, diseased actions—inflammation of the eyes, enlargements of the glands in the neck, abscesses, diseased hips, and perhaps finally consumption—and these are the people who must have had originally excellent constitutions! The more they have suffered, and do suffer, the more they praise their constitutions; they imagine that the diseases have come, one after the other, like the ghosts in Macbeth—

Another—and yet a seventh: I'll see no more—and yet the eighth appears.

It never enters their minds that a poor constitution is the cause of all these visitations, rather than the bulwark against which they are impotently directed.

OF CONSUMPTION.

That consumption is catching is a popular opinion, which, in this country at least, is not recognized by the profession. I believe such an opinion, however, to be generally entertained in some parts of the continent, especially in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. They even burn the clothes of those who have died of the disease, to prevent risk of contagion. It is true that a husband and wife will every now and then die consecutively of this complaint; but this is not more than we should have

* Op. cit., p. 100.

† Watson's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, vol. ii., p. 522.

been led to expect *à priori*; for it not unfrequently must happen that consumptive families will intermarry. I think, indeed, the frequency of these cases of apparent contagion is not greater than what might be supposed likely to occur from mere coincidence in a disease which is so widely diffused. It must be admitted, also, that the anxiety and grief experienced by the survivor in case of the first death will do much to hasten the complaint; and thus the appearance of contagion will be heightened by the rapidity of the succession. Further, there is an idea prevalent that a consumption is cured by an asthma: I conceive this to be altogether erroneous. Asthmatic people are no doubt often considered by the public as consumptive, and it then becomes a matter of surprise that these people continue to live year after year. Sometimes these asthmatic people *do* die in the end consumptive. Supposing, indeed, that a few asthmatic people are found after death to have had tubercles in the lungs, it is scarcely logical to infer that the consumption would have been more rapidly developed if the asthma had not existed. Because those who have asthma in its most marked form do not necessarily become consumptive, is no proof that the asthma prevents consumption. I think the great bulk of consumptive people would be found free from gout; but are we therefore to try to induce gout in order to prevent consumption? My own idea of this opinion about asthma curing consumption, is not only that it is an error, but that it is one calculated to do much mischief. There is also a notion that an ague cures consumption. This is equally ridiculous. There are, in fact, many cases of consumption in the aguish districts. The ague has indeed been often reputed as a curative agent. An attack of the ague may probably have put a stop to some nervous and other complaints. Dr. Elliotson states, "that ague has been thought so capital a thing, that some writers contend it never should be cured;" and a proverb once prevailed that—

An ague in spring
Is fit for a king.

He mentions that Dr. Gregory saw a case of palpitation cured by it, and that Dr. Fordyce had known many cases cured by it.* However, I should myself be very sorry to try it; and I should be very sceptical of its doing real good in any case.

PROUD FLESH.

Patients will frequently come to us to know if there is any proud flesh in their wounds. The fear of proud flesh is very general, and brings many patients to the doctor whom he would otherwise never see. When a wound is attended with loss of substance, it is gradually filled up by the growth of the surrounding parts—a process which is called granulation, from the grain-like surface it presents. The granulations sometimes rise above the level of the surface; and I suppose the term "proud flesh" was given to this appearance as a

figurative term for a luxuriant or forward growth. There is nothing really bad or malignant, as it is called, in the elevation, but it is rather indicative of a complete and rapid repair. There are, it is true, complaints which are attended with what are named malignant fungous growths; but they are happily very rare, and quite unconnected with the healing of common sores. I shall not dwell, however, upon the latter, as it would carry me on to the description of a disease which is out of my present province, and would only be tedious or unintelligible to unprofessional persons. It is perhaps, after all, almost a pity to disabuse the public mind of the idea of proud flesh; for it is friendly to the doctors, and may tend to induce the people to have their sores better looked after.

BROKE A BLOOD-VESSEL.

The phrase "broke a blood-vessel" is very common; and I imagine that it is commonly supposed, in the case of spitting of blood, that a large blood-vessel has given way in the lungs. Blood-vessels *do* sometimes become diseased, and give way; but in the great number of instances in which spitting of blood arises, the blood is exuded from the surface, as it is in bleeding of the nose. On inspection after death of the greater part of the bodies of those who have lost large quantities of blood by spitting, no trace has been discovered of any ruptured vessel, so that the term is not to be considered literal in its application to the ordinary cases of spitting of blood. In apoplexy, however, it is found that a blood-vessel has actually given way in the brain, and the clot is discovered after death; so that if we spoke of this *latter* complaint as the breaking of a blood-vessel, we should be more likely to be correct.

CORNS.

That a corn has roots. The common idea, I take it to be, is, that a corn grows from its roots as a tree does, and therefore it is necessary to extirpate the roots before a cure can be accomplished. The advertisements of corn-cutters are often a good deal amusing. I saw one the other day in a Manchester paper, which took a different view from that commonly adopted. The advertiser began by stating that corns had no roots, but he went on (by inadvertence, I suppose) to add that there were no such things as corns, and concluded by a list of charges for removing them. When a part is a good deal exposed to pressure, the cuticle becomes hardened, just as it will at the ends of the fingers in those who play on the violin; besides this, the papillæ of the subjacent true skin become enlarged, and give the appearance of roots when a section of a corn is made. This is all the mystery. So that, let us cut as deep as we will, if we continue to wear tight boots and shoes, the corns will speedily reappear. The kind of shoes which ladies are in the habit of wearing, which merely cover the toes, and therefore make all the pressure bear on that part, are exceedingly objectionable, especially where the shoes are pointed, and the leather strong.

* Elliotson's Lectures on the Practice of Physic, p. 274.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The notion that hydrophobic patients bite those around them, and thus communicate the disease, is a popular error which I should think scarcely needs contradiction. However, it seems that the idea appeared worthy of contradiction many years ago. In the second volume of a work which Desault published—"Sur la Pierre des Reins, et de la Vessie"—in 1736, he treats of the hydrophobia, and alludes to this notion with the ridicule which it deserves.*

In respect to hydrophobia, there also is, or was, an opinion that the patients suffering from the complaint are smothered by the attendants. I should think such an idea could now only exist amongst the unreflecting, not to say ignorant; yet it appears that a practice almost amounting to this was actually recommended and adopted by Van Helmont. "He kept his patients under water until the psalm 'Misserere' (the 51st, containing nineteen verses) was sung; and in one case a poor girl was drowned."†

Drowning is only like another way of smothering, and this was certainly carrying too far the old adage of desperate remedies for desperate diseases. Whilst on the subject of hydrophobia, I may mention that the prevailing idea of its being peculiar, or even more frequent, in the summer season, is called in question by very high authority. The practice of muzzling dogs during what are called the "dog-days" is common, I think, in most of our towns; but if we are to credit some of the writers on the subject, it is not more necessary then than at another time. The subject is too purely medical to be entered fully into on the present occasion. I may just state that M. Trollet,‡ who has written an interesting essay on *Rabies*, states that January, which is the coldest, and August, which is the hottest, month in the year, are the very months which furnish him fewest examples of the disease.

LOUD VOICE A PROOF OF STRONG LUNGS.

I have not unfrequently heard the loud cry of an infant considered as a subject of congratulation; "for at least," the mother would say, "the dear thing has sound lungs." Mothers are always kind and tender to their children, and one would be sorry to say anything calculated to destroy the smallest source of their comfort; but it is not merely in reference to infantile life that the observation is made. I have more than once heard it said by adults that they felt sure their lungs must be sound, on account of the clearness or loudness of their voices. It is true that disease of the lungs may, and does frequently, impair the vocal powers, but it is by no means to be stated in this general manner that a loud voice is indicative of sound lungs.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

We often hear people speak of spontaneous

combustion in joke, but the question may sometimes arise, Are there, in reality, any cases of this kind? Are we to credit the accounts which are to be met with in books on the subject? There certainly are some very extraordinary instances on record, some of which I may very briefly mention. The singularity about the cases seems to be, that the unfortunate sufferer is said to be consumed literally to ashes, without the furniture about him appearing to be more than just scorched. It is stated in the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society "that a woman who had been for three years accustomed to take spirituous liquors to excess, and who took little nourishment, sat down one evening in her chair, and was found consumed in the morning, so that no part of her was found except the skull and the extreme joints of her fingers; all the rest of her body was reduced to ashes."* One case is related of a Madame de Boiseon, who was found by her maid on fire one day after she had left her for a few moments. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it only seemed to make the fire rage more and more. Finally, she was burnt to a skeleton in her chair, which, by the by, was only a little scorched. These cases, I think, will suffice; many more might be adduced, but they all seem to be of the same kind. I think it would require very good evidence to make one credit them.

That combustion of the human body can arise spontaneously, as the term implies, does not, I think, find many partisans at the present time; but as in most of the cases recorded there seems reason to believe that the patient was placed in circumstances in which he might catch fire from ordinary causes, the question further arises, Can there be a high combustibility of the body? On this point there is not time to enter fully, as so many subjects have to come before us. I may state, however, that many very respectable authorities admit it as possible that the body may be preternaturally combustible, amongst whom I may mention Dr. Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital.

MILK.

Milk forms a very nutritious and digestible article of food, and on many occasions medical men have to recommend it as the best adapted for the exigencies of the case in point. There is an opinion, however, very common, which I imagine to be in a great measure erroneous, that milk produces phlegm, and is, therefore, very much to be avoided in all cases of coughs. I will not undertake to say that milk is always proper for invalids; but I must say that I regard this peculiar phlegm-producing quality of milk to be in a great measure a bugbear, which does not deserve a serious consideration. I can conceive it very possible that persons of a plethoric habit, who drink large quantities of malt liquor, may so gorge the lungs with blood, that an increased secretion of mucus (the so-called phlegm) may arise; but I think that such a result is very little likely to have its origin in a

* Hamilton; Hist. of Med., p. 257, vol. ii.

† Elliotson, p. 726, op. cit.

‡ See Watson, p. 599, vol. i., op. cit.

* Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, p. 525.

milk diet. Still people will affirm that milk does not agree with them, and I would not undertake to say that such is not the case. I only wish to state that the objection which is commonly made to milk in coughs does not seem to me to deserve credit.

VACCINATION.

It is a common belief that there is a risk of introducing with the vaccine virus the diseases, or even constitutional tendencies, of the infant from whom the virus is taken. On this account mothers are very particular that the matter be got from a good source, and some will even insist upon seeing the child themselves. If it were really the case that the vaccine virus communicated more than the cow-pox, it might be found a valuable means of communicating vigorous constitutional powers to sickly children, and would even be more valuable in this way than in its application as a preventive of small-pox. I cannot, however, for my part imagine that there is any such effect. At the time when the great Jenner was endeavoring to diffuse his views in respect to the vaccine inoculation, many objections were industriously brought forward, and, amongst others, it was said that the diseases of the cow would be thus introduced into the human subject. This was a very parallel kind of reasoning.

EXPERIMENTS.

People are very ready to suppose that experiments are tried on them by medical men. I have always assured those who express this fear that they give the profession credit for a deal more ingenuity than is possessed by it. I really do not believe the great bulk of medical men, if pressed on the subject, could offer new suggestions in every case, at least such as they dare try. Think how long active and intelligent men have been cudgelling their brains to find out new remedies; and what is there left for us to do! Then, again, if we abandon the legitimate road, we open ourselves to risks which are more likely to mar than make us. Be assured it is very seldom indeed that medical men make use of untried means on their patients, and that there is very little fear of being made the subject of ingenious philosophical experiments.

DISGUSTING ARTICLES IN MEDICINE.

Many persons, especially amongst the humbler classes, have an idea that articles of a disgusting nature, such as dead men's bones, are used in the composition of medicines. At the present day this is certainly not the case; but it would appear from the older writings that plans of treatment of a very repulsive and disagreeable nature were actually employed. Many of these were happily in the form of outward applications, or used as charms, but have no doubt given origin to the ideas which prevail on this subject. Borlase, in his book of "Notable things," observes, that "a halter where-with any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. Moss growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered, and taken

as snuff, is no less efficacious."* I think, by the by, we might ask, Is it any more efficacious, for it certainly is not more pleasant! Turner—the Dr. Samuel Turner who wrote on diseases of the skin, and who seemed rather fond of strange stories—notices a prevalent charm among old women for the shingles; the blood of a black cat, taken from a cat's tail, and smeared on the part affected.† "The chips of a gallows put round the neck, and worn round the neck, is said to have also cured ague."‡ Spiders, as may readily be supposed, were in great repute as remedies. Burton, the writer of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was at first dubious as to the efficacy of the spider as a remedy, though he states that he had seen it used by his mother, "whom he knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, and aches; till at length," says he, "rambling amongst authors, as I often do, I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, and repeated by Aldrovandus; I began then to have a better opinion of it."§ For stopping hemorrhages all sorts of disgusting things were used. That very amusing and valuable writer, John Bell, says, "they tied live toads behind the ears, or under the arm-pits, or to the soles of the feet, or held them in the hand till they grew warm. Some imagined," he continues, "that they operated by causing fear and horror, but all believed their effects to be very singular; and Michael Mercatus says that this effect of toads is a truth, which any person willing to take the trouble may satisfy himself of by a very simple experiment; for if you hang the toad round a cock's neck for a day or so, you may then cut off his head, and the neck will not bleed a single drop."|| These particulars are sufficient to show that the old modes of treatment were not the most pleasant that can be conceived. No similar practices are, however, now employed; and the idea that all kinds of disgusting things enter into the composition of medicines is altogether without foundation. We have only, indeed, to consider how much easier and cheaper it is for those engaged in the practice of medicine to supply themselves with roots and salts than dead men's bones, the blood of black cats, and other horrible conceits.

OPENING THE CHEST.

The phrase "opening the chest" is very common, and exercise is recommended with this view. We have no objection in the world to good exercise, if it be only moderate and regular; but the *opening* of the chest is fortunately not accomplished by back-boards and dumb-bells. However, the phrase, though vague, is, perhaps, sufficiently understood, and not particularly coupled with any false practical views. Whilst on this subject, I may be allowed to state that the fashionable gymnastic exercises are, in my opinion, by no means

* Pettigrew on Medical Superstitions, p. 64.

† Pettigrew, op. cit., 79.

‡ Op. cit. 69.

§ Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 245.

|| Bell's Surgery, vol. i., p. 204.

the most desirable kind of exercise. They are mostly calculated to do harm, and are used at a time of life when great mischief may result from them. Of this mischief I cannot particularize in this place, further than to state that many important surgical diseases arise from undue straining, and continue to affect the whole of after-life.

MUCOUS MEMBRANES.

Whilst on the subject of these common expressions, I may just remark that there are some terms used which have really no meaning whatever, and cannot be connected with any definite ideas by those who use them. Sometimes we hear a friend say that "he is dreadfully ill of the *nerves*;" and another will tell you he is sorry to say that his wife is ill, and the doctors have pronounced it to be the *mucous membranes*. These are, of course, instances of expressions being used after the manner of Mrs. Malaprop, without any inquiry as to their signification.

SEVEN YEARS.

People conceive that there is a change every seven years in the constitution. That a change is continually going on there can be no doubt. We know that an infant grows to a full-sized man, and consequently there must be a change of particles—a removal of some, and a fresh deposition of others—else we should have a mere superimposition of parts, and the body of the infant would be contained in that of the adult. But as to the seven years: for my part I never could understand how people satisfied themselves that such changes were completed in exactly seven years. I have often been asked by my patients—"Doctor, do you think I shall ever get rid of this complaint? they say there is a change every seven years; I look forward for this time, for I have already been ill five." The Roman Lustrum was, I think, a space of five years, the Greek Olympiad a space of four years, but the seven years is the favorite period chosen as the one which regulates the changes of the body in public opinion. Of course a period like this will bring about many changes, and one cannot but look forward to such a period with feelings of interest and anxiety; still there seems no good reason to select this as the prescribed limits for the operations of nature.

AMPUTATION.

Persons are very curious, and it is very natural they should be, respecting surgical operations. I have often been asked what was the most painful part of an amputation; and before the answer could be well given, the querist has declared his own conviction, that the act of sawing through the bone, or at any rate cutting through the marrow, must be the critical point. Now this does not appear to be by any means the case; and on thinking upon the subject, it seems to me that the idea arises simply from the word marrow being sug-

gestive of great sensibility, and, as it were, the essence of all that is profound. But the marrow is merely the oily matter contained in the bones, and must in itself be devoid of sensation. In one application of the word it is true; it has reference to an important part, as in the expression "spinal marrow;" but this use of the word, though sanctioned by medical men, is altogether incorrect, and arose in error. What is called the spinal marrow is not marrow at all, but a part of the nervous system, which is continuous with the brain.

In speaking of surgical operations, I may mention it as a common idea that surgeons were in the habit of adopting means of deadening pain before they undertook an operation. Before, however, the recent employment of ether and chloroform, nothing was used expressly for this purpose. The tourniquet, which is placed round the limb to compress the artery, and prevent loss of blood, was no doubt supposed to be principally to numb pain.

SCURVY.

If we take the trouble to look into a professed work on diseases of the skin, we find a great many diseases described in a great many hard names, and at first feel quite confounded in our attempts to apply these terms properly to the cases we see. However, the public have made a very easy matter of it. With the great mass of people, there is one name which they apply in every instance, and in every instance they apply it wrongly. This is scurvy. "What a pity (you will hear it said) that Mr. A—— is so scorbutic!" "And really Miss B—— would be very well-looking, if it was not for that scorbutic eruption." "What is this eruption?" you ask. "Oh, that is only a little scurvy, which I have had many years." "Pray, doctor, can you give me anything for the scurvy?"

Now, properly, the scurvy is a disease almost confined to sailors, arising from the want of a supply of fresh vegetables. The symptoms of scurvy are entirely different from those which commonly go under this name in a popular sense. There is a soft, spongy, and bleeding state of the gums, and great debility of the body. There is, in reality, no proper eruption on the skin, but irregular blotches, like those produced by a bruise. This disease is not often seen except amongst sailors, and has no relation to the eruptions which we so often see in people's faces.

SOLID MILK.—We observe in the Repertory of Patent Inventions for January, that a Mr. Felix Louis of Southwark has enrolled a process for preserving cows' milk, goats' milk, and asses' milk, by converting the same into solid cakes or masses, which are soluble in warm water, and which may be kept for a long time without losing their original sweetness and freshness. The entire process, if we understand aright the terms of the specification, consists in a little sweetening by sugar, agitation, evaporation, and pressure.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

TRAVELLING recently on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached, just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor through whose estate, for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ears, and with a low whinny indicated his pleasure as I turned up the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I made him inquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when, after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he inquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to alight and enter the house, in the true spirit of southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed an air of gloomy abstraction about him; he said but little, and even that little seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of civility to a stranger. At supper the mistress of the mansion appeared, and did the honors of the table, in her particular department; she was exceedingly lady-like and beautiful. She retired immediately after supper, and a servant handing some splendid Habannas on a small silver tray, we had seated ourselves comfortably before the enormous fire of oak wood, when a servant appeared at the end door near my host, hat in hand, and uttered, in subdued but distinct tones, the, to me, startling words—

"Master, de coffin hab come."

"Very well," was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.

My host remarked my gaze of inquisitive wonder, and replied to it:—

"I have been sad, sad," said he, "to-day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most reliable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the playmate of my father's youth, and the Mentor of mine; a faithful servant, an honest man, and sincere Christian. I stood by his bedside to-day, and with his hands clasped in mine I heard the last words he uttered; they were, 'Master, meet me in heaven.'"

His voice faltered a moment, and he continued after a pause, with increased excitement:—

"His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home, I said to him, 'John, see that all things are taken care of,' and I knew that my wife and child, property and all, were as safe as though they were guarded by a hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life, for he never merited it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful and true, but his loss is irreparable."

I came from a section of the Union where slavery does not exist; and I brought with me all the prej-

udices which so generally prevail in the free states in regard to this "institution." I had already seen much to soften these, but the observation of years would have failed to give me so clear an insight into the relation between master and servant as this simple incident. It was not the haughty planter, the lordly tyrant, talking of his dead slave as of his dead horse, but the kind-hearted gentleman, lamenting the loss and eulogizing the virtues of his good old friend.

After an interval of silence, my host resumed:—

"There are," said he, "many of the old man's relatives and friends who would wish to attend his funeral. To afford them opportunity, several plantations have been notified that he will be buried to-night; some, I presume, have already arrived; and desiring to see that all things are properly prepared for his interment, I trust you will excuse my absence a few moments."

"Most certainly sir; but," I added, "if there is no impropriety, I would be pleased to accompany you."

"There is none," he replied; and I followed him to one of a long row of cabins, situated at the distance of some three hundred yards from the mansion. The house was crowded with negroes; all arose on our entrance, and many of them exchanged greeting with my host, in tones that convinced me that they felt that he was an object of sympathy from them! The corpse was deposited in the coffin, attired in a shroud of the finest cotton materials, and the coffin itself painted black.

The master stopped at its head, and laying his hand upon the cold brow of his faithful bondsman, gazed long and intently upon features with which he had been so long familiar, and which he now looked upon for the last time on earth; raising his eyes at length and glancing at the serious countenances now bent upon his, he said solemnly and with much feeling—

"He was a faithful servant and true Christian; if you follow his example, and live as he lived, none of you need fear when the time comes for you to lie here."

A patriarch, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, answered—

"Master, it is true, and we will try to live like him."

There was a murmur of general assent, and after giving some instructions relative to the burial, we returned to the building.

About nine o'clock a servant appeared with the notice that they were ready to move, and to know if further instructions were necessary. My host remarked to me that, by stepping into the piazza, I would probably behold, to me, a novel scene. The procession had moved, and its route led within a few yards of the mansion. There were one hundred and fifty negroes, arranged four deep, and following a wagon in which was placed the coffin; down the entire length of the line, at intervals of a few feet on each side, were carried torches of the resinous pine, here called lightwood. About the centre was stationed the black preacher, a man of

gigantic frame and stentorian lungs, who gave out from memory the words of a hymn suitable to the occasion. The southern negroes are proverbial for the melody and compass of their voices, and I thought that hymn, mellowed by distance, the most solemn and yet the sweetest music that had ever fallen upon my ear. The stillness of the night and strength of their voices enabled me to distinguish the air at the distance of half a mile.

It was to me a strange and solemn scene, and no incident of my life has impressed me with more powerful emotions than the night funeral of the poor negro. For this reason I have hastily and most imperfectly sketched its leading features.—*Home Journal*.

MAGNETISM AMONG THE SHAKERS.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

ONE of the brethren from a Shaker settlement in our neighborhood, called on us the other day. I was staying with a friend, in whose atmosphere there is a moral power, analogous to some chemical test, which elicits from every form of humanity whatever of sweet and genial is in it. Our visitor was an old acquaintance, and an old member of his order, having joined it more than forty years ago, with his wife and two children. I have known marked individuals among these people, and yet it surprises me when I see an original stamp of character, surviving the extinguishing monotony of life, or rather suspended animation among them. What God has impressed man cannot efface. To a child's eye, each leaf of a tree is like the other; to a philosopher's, each has its distinctive mark.

Our friend W——'s individuality might have struck a careless observer. He has nothing of the angular, crusty, silent aspect of his yea and nay brethren, who have a perfect conviction that they have dived to the bottom of the well and found the pearl truth, while all the rest of the world look upon them as the bottom of a well indeed; but without the pearl, and with only so much light as may come in through the little aperture that communicates with the outward world. Neither are quite right; the Shaker has no monopoly of truth or holiness, but we believe he has enough of both to light a dusky path to heaven. Friend W—— is a man of no pretension whatever; but content in conscious mediocrity. We were at dinner when he came in; but friend W—— is too child-like or too simple, to be disturbed by any observance of conventional politeness. He declined an invitation to dine, saying he had eaten and was not hungry, and seated himself in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rare size and beauty.

"I have brought some notions, too," he said, "for you, B——," and he took from his ample pocket his handkerchief, in which he had tied up a parcel of sugar-plums and peppermints. B—— accepted them most affably, and without any apparent recoiling, shifted them from the old man's handkerchief to an empty plate beside her. "Half of them," he said, "remember, B——, are for ———. You both played and sung to me last summer—I don't forget it. She is a likely woman, and makes the music sound almost as good as when I was young!" This was enthusiasm in the old Shaker; but to us it sounded strangely, who knew that she who had so kindly condescended to call back brother W——'s youth, had held crowds entranced by her

genius. Brother W—— is a genial old man, and fifty years of abstinence from the world's pleasures has not made him forget or condemn them. He resembles the jolly friars in conventual life, who never resist, and are therefore allowed to go without bits or reins and in a very easy harness. There is no galling in restraint where there is no desire for freedom. It is the "immortal longings" that make the friction in life.

After dinner, B——, at brother W——'s request, sat down to the piano, and played for him the various tunes that were the favorites in rustic inland life forty years ago. First the Highland Reel, then "Money Musk." "I remember who I danced that with," he said, "Sophy Drury. The ball was held in the school-room at Feeding fields. She is tight built, and cheeks as red as a rose, (past and present were confounded in brother W——'s imagination.) I went home with Sophy—it was as light as day, and near upon day—they were pleasant times!" concluded the old man, but without one sigh of regret, and with a gleam of light from his twinkling gray eye. "There have been no such pleasant times since, brother W——, has there?" asked B——, with assumed or real sympathy. "I can't say that, B——, it has been all along pleasant. I have had what others called crosses, but I don't look at them that way—what's the use, B——?"

The old man's philosophy struck me. There was no record of a cross in his round jolly face. "Were you married?" I asked, "when you joined the Shakers?" "O yes; I married at twenty—it's never too soon nor too late to do right, you know, and it was right for me to marry according to the light I had then. May be you think it was a cross to part from my wife—all men don't take it so—but I own I should; I liked Eunice. She is a peaceable woman, and we lived in unity, but it was rather hard times, and we felt a call to join the brethren, and so we walked out of the world together, and took our two children with us. In the Society she was the first woman, handy in all cases. "And she is still with you?" "No. Our girl took a notion and went off, and got married, and my wife went after her—that's natural for mothers, you know.

"I went after Eunice, and tried to persuade her to come back, and she felt so; but its hard rooting out mother love; it's planted deep, and spreads wide; so I left her to nature, and troubled myself no more about it, for what was the use? My son, too, took a liking to a young English girl that was one of our sisters—may be you have seen her!" We had all seen her and admired her fresh English beauty, and deplored her fate. "Well, she was a picture, and speaking after the manner of men, as good as she was handsome. They went off together: I could not much blame them, and I took no steps after them—for what was the use? But come, B——, strike up again; play 'Haste to the Wedding.'" B—— obeyed, and our old friend sung or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing tune and the Shaker nasal chant were ludicrously mingled. B—— played all his favorite airs, and said, "You do love dancing, brother W——?" "Yes, to be sure—praise him in the cymbals and dances!"

"Oh, but I mean such dances as we have here. Would not you like, brother W——, to come over and see us dance?"

"Why, may be I should."

"And would not you like to dance with one of our pretty young ladies, brother W——?"

"May be I should." The old man's face lit up joyously, but he smiled and shook his head. "They would not let me, B——, they would not let me?" Perhaps the old Shaker's imagination wandered for a moment from the very straight path of the brotherhood, but it was but a moment. His face reverted to its placid passiveness, and he said, "I am perfectly content. I have enough to eat and drink—everything good after its kind, too—good clothes to wear, a warm bed to sleep in, and just as much work as I like, and no more." "All this and heaven too"—of which the old man felt perfectly sure, was quite enough to fill the measure of a Shaker's desires.

"Now, B——," said he, "you think so much of your dances, I wish you could see one of our young sisters dance, when we go up to Mount Holly. She has the whirlwind gift; she will spin round like a top on one foot, for half an hour, all the while seeing visions, and receiving revelations."

This whirling is a recent gift of the Shakers. The few "world's folk" who have been permitted to see its exhibition, compare its subjects to the whirling Dervishes.

"Have you any other new inspiration?" I asked.

"Gifts, you mean? Oh, yes; we have visionists. It's a wonderful mystery to me. I never was much for looking into mysteries—they rather scare me!" Naturally enough, poor childlike old man!

"What, brother W——," I asked, "do you mean by a visionist?"

"I can't exactly explain," he replied. "They see things that the natural eye can't see, and hear, and touch, and taste, with inward senses. As for me, I never had any kind of gifts, but a contented mind, and submission to those in authority, and I don't see at all into this new mystery. It makes me of a tremble when I think of it. I'll tell you how it acts. Last summer I was among our brethren in York State, and when I was coming away, I went down into the garden to take leave of a young brother there. He asked me if I would carry something for him to Vesta. Vesta is a young sister, famous for her spiritual gifts, whirling, &c."—I could have added, for I had seen Vesta—for other less questionable gifts in the world's estimation—a light graceful figure, graceful even in the Shaker's straight jacket, and a face like a young Sybil's.—"Well," continued brother W——, "he put his hand in his pocket as if to take out something, and then stretching it to me, he said, 'I want you to give this white pear to Vesta.' I felt to take something, though I saw nothing, and a sort of a trickling heat ran through me; and even now, when I think of it, I have the same feeling, fainter, but the same. When I got home I asked Vesta if she knew that young brother. 'Yea,' she said. I put my hand in my pocket and took it out again, to all earthly seeming as empty as it went in, and stretched it out to her. 'Oh, a white pear!' she said. As I hope for salvation, every word that I tell you is true," concluded the old man. It was evident he believed every word of it to be true. The incredulous may imagine that there was some clandestine intercourse between the "young brother" and "young sister," and that simple old brother Wilcox was merely made the medium of a fact or sentiment, symbolized by the white pear. However that may be, it is certain that animal magnetism has penetrated into the cold and dark recesses of the Shakers. —*Sartain's Magazine.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Writings of Rev. Wm. Bradford Homer, with an Introduction on the influence of Theological Seminaries, and a Memoir. By Professor E. A. PARK, of Andover. 2d edition: T. R. Marvin, Boston.

THERE are some faces whose expressive beauty no pencil can transfer to canvass, so there are some characters which no pen can fully delineate. Homer is one of these. Professor Park has given an outline which must charm and profit the reader, but for the filling up the mind turns instinctively to the original, and there sees excellence which cannot be transferred to paper. We are glad a second edition has been called for. The influence of such works must be highly salutary upon the young, especially upon the young student in every stage of his education; and the candidate for the sacred ministry, or the young pastor, may see here a singleness of aim which he need not fear to imitate.

The present edition contains in an Appendix a sketch of the character of the father of Homer, to whose excellences the mercantile community of Boston paid so deserved a tribute.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

Anæsthesia; or, The Employment of Chloroform and Ether in Surgery, &c. By J. Y. SIMPSON, M. D. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

THIS timely and useful book contains a vindication of the new methods of annihilating pain, in the practice of surgery, &c.; and although addressed to the profession alone, yet the subject is so interesting that it will be highly acceptable to every class of readers. All the objections to the use of these agents, whether philosophical or religious, are here examined and refuted, by an author whose scholarship, experience and exalted reputation entitle him to be heard. Dr. Simpson dwells at great length on etherization in surgery, dealing in facts and statistics chiefly, and for the purpose of demonstrating much greater success in this department when the patients have been subjected to anæsthetic agents, than when they are dispensed with. The main purpose of the book, however, is to prove the propriety and safety of employing chloroform in midwifery.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

Layard's Nineveh, and its Remains. Published by George P. Putnam, New York.

WE have received from the publisher the second volume of Layard's *Nineveh*, a work of which we have before, more than once, spoken with high praise, while noticing the first volume. The present volume is, if possible, still more deeply interesting than its predecessor, and it has the advantage of a map, and a very large number—upwards of eighty—illustrations, respecting the extraordinary relics of the Assyrian empire, and its "exceeding great city of three days' journey;" of which these unburied sculptures of stone, some not very authentic chapters of profane history, and a few solemn and fearful passages in Holy Writ are—with the mounds of desolation that mark the place of Nineveh on the banks of the Tigris—the sole vestiges and memorials. One third of the volume is occupied with the narrative of Mr. Layard's final excavations; the remainder, forming Part II. of the work, is devoted to a highly interesting series of chapters on Assyrian history, character, manners, arts, letters, &c.; in fact, a general archaeological disquisition in regard to this ancient people; in which Mr. Layard's discoveries at Nimroud come into requisition with great force, and exhibit their true importance and value.—*U. S. Gazette.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Frazer's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

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WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.